Week ending January 24 1959

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The Cover

YES, it'll be a wonderful day. Mother will have to tether these three to the table, or they'll be out sledging and making snowmen before they've had breakfast. Father will have to guard the back of his neck, too, because snowballs will be flying. Altogether Father's in for a rough time—he has the snow to clear from the path, and skid chains to put on the car. Indeed, it's as well that artist Stan Coleman left him out of this cover. Father's expression is nothing like so appealing.

Free Speech

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Safety Ties

THERE has been a great deal of fuss recently about an attempt by American business interests to take control of a British firm.

It followed an equally loud public outcry against the proposed sale of a small Scottish island to an American TV company.

I can't see why people are against this strengthening of Anglo-American relationships. What's wrong with having American interests vested in Britain?

The U.S. is providing the greater part of our national defence—and the more Americans stand to lose in Britain, the safer I feel.—G. WILLIAMS, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Plan For Progress

I asked the children in my class what they thought of the school and how it could be improved. Here is one thought on the matter:

No cane, no slipper, television, free tea-cakes, no hard work, easy work, no mental, no English, no sums, no shouting by teacher, no teachers, plenty of football, no headmaster; more pictures and a fire. — P. T. CORRIGAN, Walsall, Staffs.

Brolly Folly

In bad weather I brave the taunts of my fellow men and carry an umbrella. But I can't see why men's umbrellas should always be black. Covers of scarlet, orange or bright blue would help to brighten depressing rainy days.—W. PARKINSON, St. Albans Road, Lytham St. Annes, Lancs.

Used His Loaf

Standing in a baker's queue was a man who asked for a large loaf. "Sliced or unsliced?" asked the salesgirl.

"Unsliced, please," he replied. "I've got a do-it-yourself kit at home."—MISS S. CORNFORTH, Chartley Avenue, Stanmore, Middlesex.

Barefoot Phobia

My daughter hates wearing shoes. She often comes home from a dance having walked four or five miles in her bare feet. She says they become tired from dancing and that it is a relief to walk on the cold wet road.

She always kicks off her shoes when she comes indoors, and has now started leaving them in her locker at work.

She never catches colds, but I am worried in case she suffers from her folly in later life.—MRS. M. B., Storrington, Sussex.

"Don't worry, Mrs. B.," says a doctor. "Your daughter's phobia will lead to nothing but good results.

"The more she walks on bare feet, the less likely she is to get corns or bunions.

"You should encourage her to kick off her shoes—her health will benefit immensely."

Met At Work

A large building site in the West End of London has not only wire-mesh gates for spectators to watch progress, but also has notices apologizing to the public for any noise and inconvenience, plus a daily weather forecast. What next?—MRS. E. JOYCE, Nyth Close, Upminster, Essex.

Half A Bridge

Recently I passed through the village of Broxbourne, on the border

of Hertfordshire and Essex. Leaning on the rail of the bridge there over the River Lea, I was surprised to see that half the bridge was painted a clean white and the other half was left a dirty grey.

I was told that the borders of the two counties ran down the middle of the river—and neither county would paint the other county's half of the bridge.—D. S., Southgate, London.

Long-term Prospects

My daughter asked for a rise after reading your article on pocket money (JOHN BULL, December 20).

We give her a penny for every year of her age, but couldn't refuse her plea for an increase when she said: "I'll be thirty before I get half a crown a week!"—G. E. LINTON, The Ridgeway, St. Albans, Herts.

Tread Lightly

The conversion of an attic into a workshop (JOHN BULL, December 20) requires a word of caution. The strength of joists in buildings is calculated on the load they are expected to bear, and must confirm to the local by-laws.

Ceiling joists in an attic may be much lighter than the floor joists in other parts of the building and they may not be capable of carrying the weight of a workshop.

It is also quite possible that hammering on the bench would crack the ceiling in the room below.—R. IRVING, Halton Road, Lancaster.

"Before using an attic as a workshop," says Roger Smithells, "the District Surveyor or, in the country, the local Building Inspector must be informed.

"He will inspect the floor and tell you whether it is strong enough or not."

Easier Pushing

Would it not be possible for torch manufacturers to produce a battery light, similar to the parking lights used on cars and cycles, to be fitted on prams?

This would be a decided safety precaution for mothers who have to push prams along poorly lit roads without pavements.—MRS. P. M. DAVIS, Forest Green, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire.

. . . some friends of mine know why women go on pushing heavy prams up steep hills ("Free Speech," January 3). They devised a pram to go up a sharp gradient near their home. It involved a small engine, similar to that used on milk floats.

My friend was then told she would need to take out a provisional driving licence and display "L" plates on the pram. They couldn't afford all this. Just how ridiculous can bureaucracy get?—MRS. R. E. SMITH, Western Heights, Dover, Kent.

Curfew In Oslo

In Norway an eight o'clock curfew is rung every night, after which all children under fourteen must be off the streets.

This idea might help us to reduce the incidence of juvenile delinquency.—MRS M. SOWERSBY, West Street, Southend.

In several small towns in western Norway a curfew is practised by

mutual consent of municipal councils, school authorities and parents' organizations.

In these towns children under fourteen must be indoors after nightfall. The curfew is announced by the tolling of church bells.

Comfort Behind Bars

Has it not occurred to Gilbert Harding (JOHN BULL, December 20) that animals live three times longer in captivity than they do in the jungle?

With regular medical attention and food, the majority are content and happy with imprisonment.

If Mr. Harding were to spend a little time in Africa, as I did, and see the unwritten law of the jungle—kill or be killed—and wild game starving, then I am sure he would change his mind.—LESLIE HOLT, Downham Crescent, Prestwich, Manchester.

Water Babies

Walking in a London park, I saw a frightened grey squirrel run up a tree overlooking a stream. It leaped from one branch to another, missed its hold and fell into the water.

To my surprise it managed to swim to the bank and run up another tree. Can all animals swim instinctively?—RODERICK MACLEOD, Holders Hill Gardens, Hendon, London, N.W.4.

"I can't think of any animal which couldn't swim at a pinch," says a naturalist. "Even a cat will take to the water and swim."

What Company?

Surely the wisdom of Cervantes is open to question in "Tell me what company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are" (JOHN BULL, December 13).

Most of us are familiar with snobs who pay lip service to their "superiors." Did not Christ mix with publicans and sinners?—R. YOUNG, Sydenham Drive, Belfast.

He was on the run . . . desperate. But he'd win through

THE MAN FROM THE MOOR

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

GIBB had been lucky from the start, you had to admit that. He'd just slipped away from the working party in full daylight and made for the trees on the other side of the valley. Then there'd been the lucky bicycle; he'd gone down that rough track like a lunatic, pedalling for dear life and hoping he wouldn't strike a stone. Before the warders had known he was out on the main road and cycling briskly, and you might have thought he was a curate out sick-visiting, if it hadn't been for the little question of clothes.

Two motorists stared at him coming the other way, and he jumped off the bicycle at the foot of the long hill and ran beside the river until he came to the house. He went up to a side window and broke it and climbed in. In the third bedroom he found a suit and a cap. He grabbed them and was out again before anyone saw him. He spent the rest of the daylight in the wood on the slope of the other hill.

When darkness came, he set off south-east by the stars. He struck the hilly and deserted road through Holne Chase and walked for a while with the River Dart bubbling alongside. He slid through Ashburton at first dawn, and by now hunger was gripping like the beginning of cramp. But he would make no move to steal food. If he stole food, he would be drawing an arrow on a map.

Dawn saw him through Bicklington. There was sure to be a road check, and he kept a look out at each village. He wished his suit fitted better: he was broad enough to take most of the length, but the trousers were strung uncomfortably tight.

There was the sound of a motor behind him and he raised his hand hopefully as he turned. It was a private car and to his surprise it stopped. Driver and car were antiques; the man sixty-five or more, in a bowler hat and a blue suit, with a collar too big.

"Want a lift for a few miles? I'm going as far as Sidmouth."

"Thanks. Thanks very much."

Gibb ran round the car and got in. They jerked it to motion.

"Lovely morning. isn't it! Lovely morning," said the old man. "Makes you feel good to be alive."

"It certainly does," said Gibb, relaxing on the lumpy seat with relief. Off his feet at last!

"Going far?"

"Well, yes. . . . London, I hope."

"Well, well, very enterprising to be off so early. I like to be up early, y'know. Always have, ever since I was a lad."

"Yes," Gibb agreed. "I like to get up early too."

The old man crashed the gears at the foot of a hill, and they ground slowly up it at a fast walking pace. The engine roared and quivered madly as if it was going to take off and leave them behind.

"I'm going to see my sister at Sidmouth," shouted the old man. "Always go every week. You a Londoner?"

"Yes." They got to the top of the hill, and rattled down the other side.

"Been working down here?" the old man said.

An inquisitive type. "Yes," Gibb said swiftly, sidelong. "Been on a dock job at Plymouth, see, but I heard my little girl had been knocked down. Car came on the pavement behind her. Just coming home from school, she was, poor kid. Pushed her into a lamp-post. Broke two ribs, they say. Terrible, isn't it?"

"Terrible," said the old man. "I'm very sorry for you. Very sorry indeed. Have you heard how she is?"

"Not since. I set off this morning, soon as it was light."

They hummed recklessly through another village. Two policemen were talking to a motorist. Gibb braced himself, but they got past.

"Wouldn't it have been better," said the old man, "to have gone by train? It's little more than four hours by rail."

Gibb licked his lips. There was a lovely spanner in the cubby hole of the car. "Well, y'see, I was laid off three weeks ago. I've stayed on expecting another job, see, but you know how money goes, especially sending it home as well. I just hadn't got the cash."

The old man tutted sympathetically and to Gibb's relief began to talk of his own life. He was a retired schoolmaster —"just a village school, you understand." Gibb heard all about school meals—which made his stomach turn with hunger—and the Education Act and the effect of inflation on pensions.

Presently, they began to get near Exeter. "Tell me where you would like to be put down," said the old man.

"Well, sir, if you don't mind, I think I'll come part way to Sidmouth."

"That'll take you well out of your way."

"I think maybe I'll stand a better chance of picking up a lift on one of the side roads."

"As you please." For the first time the old man's faded blue eyes rested on his companion with a hint of doubt.

BEYOND the River Exe they branched off. The countryside was in full bloom; apples and cherries waved their blossoms in the breeze. Past a road junction, in a quiet part of the road, Gibb said: "This'll do."

"My dear young man, you're right off your proper direction here. However, if that is what you want, so be it." He brought the car to a grunting stop.

"Now I'll trouble you to get out."

The old man looked startled. "What d'you mean?"

Gibb picked up the heavy spanner. "I mean I'm an escaped convict and I want your car. And no damned nonsense, see."

The old man licked his lips. A vein beat in his neck. "What are you going to do?"

"I'll not cosh you if you play the game, but one shout or move and I'll lay you out. Understand?"

They got out of the car. No one was about. Gibb opened a gate and led the way into an apple orchard. Every time they moved, a shower of scented petals floated over them.

"Against that tree. Sit down. Now I'll need your braces, to take the place

"Yes," she said, "I live alone." But he could

yet—if only she believed his story

of my string, see, because I need my string to tie you up."

The "string" was cord he'd stolen with the suit. The old man said: "For twenty-eight years I have been offering lifts to people on the road. This is the first time. . . ."

"Well, there has to be a first time for everything, hasn't there? Didn't they broadcast about me on the radio last night? Les Gibb, serving a three-year stretch for robbery with violence. Chanced it, last night. . . ." He pulled at the cord.

"Be careful," said the old man nervously. "My circulation is poor. If you tie my wrists too tight. . . ."

"Okay. I don't want a murder on my hands, at least not if you behave." Gibb stood up and stared at his victim. "You'll do, I think. You know, you remind me of my old schoolmaster twenty years ago. He didn't like me. Used to call me, 'Gibb by name and glib by nature.' "

"I can understand that," said the other bitterly. "You certainly took me in with your lies."

"Well, maybe it's easier if you're brought up right, like you were. I wasn't, see. My old man used to beat the daylights out of me. It makes you a bit glib, that does. . . . Afraid I'll have to gag you."

PROTESTING violently, the old man had his scarf tied over his mouth. It wouldn't last long, but it would muffle him for a while. Gibb thumbed through the schoolmaster's wallet. He took the driving licence and four pound notes.

"Sorry about this," he said. "So long. Someone'll find you sooner or later, and it's a nice day for a picnic."

He went back to the car, got in and drove off. He kept to the main A35, cut out Sidmouth but didn't avoid Lyme Regis, and the old car nearly died climbing the great hill out of the town. He held up a long stream of traffic, and felt himself like a carnival queen at the head of a procession. At the top he drew into a gate to let it all past, and mopped his brow. Nothing worked on the car except the engine; he couldn't see what speed he was going, what petrol he had got, whether he had oil or water. He was light-headed for lack of food, but somehow he'd got over the first pangs and he decided to press on while the going was good.

At last it was, *Dorchester 3 miles*. All depended how long before the old schoolmaster was found. Risk it. Down the long straight main street, which was crowded with traffic. A policeman held him up, and when he was waved on he stalled his engine. Watched with mild contempt but without suspicion, he pulled the starter a half a dozen times before the engine fired. Then, with sweat all over him, he jerked ahead.

Out of the town, take the left fork for Salisbury. A toss-up, but you followed your hunch. In Salisbury he'd have to stop, buy something to eat and drink. Couldn't go on any longer. His throat was parched, his tongue swollen.

But he never got to Salisbury. He turned a corner and saw, at first not realizing, traffic stopped ahead. It was the sort of queue you get at a frontier post, except that it only seemed for cars going his way.

Then he saw police.

He was within twenty yards of the last car in the line. Between him and the last car was an overgrown lane; he turned almost on two wheels into it, jolted and lurched over deep ruts and then nearly into a ditch. Down it, rattling and wobbling; there was a stream at the bottom and a ford. Through with a sound like tearing linen; water whooshed at either side of him and he took the hill like a racer. But the old car had had enough. Half-way up, it coughed and missed and began to die on him. He was just able to steer it under the shade of a tree before it stopped.

Out double quick. Not sure if the police had seen him, but there was no time to stop and find out. He jumped a gate, ran round the edge of a field of green oats, looked hastily back, and, seeing no one but a farm labourer who gazed at him with vacuous interest from the seat of a tractor, began to walk away more slowly, keeping the sun on his back.

He walked for an hour. It was half a dream walk, half a nightmare. He was in a land of stately trees planted here and there on wide green fields. Birds darted across his path, cows stopped chewing to watch him pass, a foal kicked its heels and galloped away.

A cottage by the road. His knees were giving way under him. He went up and knocked on the door. A youngish woman with grey eyes opened it.

"Could you—let me have—a glass of water?"

She looked at him suspiciously, hesitated, and then he folded up on the doorstep.

He didn't remember getting inside the house but he supposed afterwards she must have helped him in. She had given him water and then a weak whisky; he could feel it seeping into his veins like raw new blood.

She sat quietly with folded hands on the other side of the kitchen while he told her he'd been walking all morning and had lost his way and hadn't realized it was so hot. The kitchen was as clean and neat as she was, not a hair out of place; he was in luck because there didn't seem to be a man. And she wasn't wearing a wedding ring. You could always manage a woman on her own.

HE got up, making a pretence of going, but quickly sat down again, putting on what he thought was a rather good act of feeling faint. He hadn't bothered with breakfast, he said, and had she by any chance a bite to eat in the house to help him on his way? He'd gladly pay for it, he really would.

Gibb had a way with him; people somehow always fell for his talk, and the woman said: "I have some cold meat—a few cold potatoes. You're welcome to them if you want them."

"Thanks. Thanks very much. That's real kind of you, ma'am. I wouldn't ask but I'm not long out of hospital. You get more out of condition than you think, lying up like that. No proper exercise."

"I'm sorry," she said, bringing him a plate of beef that made him hardly able to think straight for the sight of it. "You are convalescent?"

"Well, in a manner of speaking, yes. It's from the war, y'see. Keeps on giving me a bit of trouble."

She looked at him quickly with her steady grey eyes. "That's a long time ago. I shouldn't have thought you were old enough."

"I'm thirty-seven, y'know." He laughed. "Time goes, doesn't it?"

"Yes," she agreed soberly. "Time goes."

He ate the food, trying not to wolf it. Every moment he felt better, but

see immediately that she regretted having admitted it

The man from the Moor

continued from previous page

he didn't hide from himself the job it would be getting to London now that the policeman had reported the stolen car in Dorchester. Once or twice she went out of the kitchen but was soon back and kept passing into a small scullery where he heard her moving about.

He said: "Is it somebody's park round here?"

"No, why?"

"I thought it looked like a park, all those trees."

She smiled for the first time. "No. It's just—farm land. You're English, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. But I've not seen much country, not like this. Been round London docks most of my life."

"I see." She had unobtrusively cut him more bread.

"D'you have a farm?" he asked.

"No. Oh, no. I—live in this cottage."

"By yourself?"

"Yes." He saw that after she spoke she regretted it. So she wasn't too comfortable about him, eh? She added: "My fiancé was killed in the war."

"You don't say." He wiped his mouth. "That was bad. Real bad. So we got a sort of bond, haven't we?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, look what the war done for me. Where was he killed—where was your fiancé killed?"

"Arnhem."

He said easily: "Why, that's where I was wounded. Isn't that something. It's a small world!"

She said abruptly: "Have you been in hospital in this district?"

"Well, not exactly. I'm just staying near by. How far are we from Salisbury?"

"Eighteen miles."

"Phew! Where's your nearest town?"

"We are four miles from Shaftesbury."

"I reckon I'll make for there and get a bus back to Dorchester. I reckon that's better than going home the way I came."

By the window, with her back to the sunlight, she watched him. "Would you like to borrow a bicycle?"

He lifted his head and stared. "That's—real nice of you, ma'am, but . . . how could I let you have it back?"

"Leave it at the Old Bell. They can bring it back when they come visiting the next farm."

"That's—well, it takes my breath. And me a stranger! You might never see your bike again."

"It isn't mine. It belonged to my fiancé. . . . No doubt he would be glad if I lent it to someone—wounded in the same battle."

He was uncomfortable. Sharp enough in his own way, he sensed the irony in her voice. But he couldn't lose by saying yes. "Thank you. Thanks very much."

He offered to pay for the food. He offered to give her something for the loan of the old bicycle she wheeled out of a shed. But she refused both. Her arm half raised to shade her eyes from the sun, she quietly accepted his thanks and his handshake and watched him get on the bike and after a preliminary wobble go off down the lane.

She watched him until he was out of sight over the brow of the hill.

She had heard all about him on the one o'clock news, but she was quite alone and she did not feel like being brutally tied up and left in an orchard the way some old Devonshire schoolmaster had been.

Even now she did not rush to telephone, for she had no telephone. Anyway she could not bear fox hunting—however many chickens the fox might have stolen, however sly and slippery he might be.

Gibb was feeling a different man, and if only his boots didn't hurt. . . .

That was why he kept the bicycle. He bought a map of the district in Shaftesbury and took a road north towards Warminster and then turned right for Wylye. But after a few miles he saw another road block ahead, and he dumped the bike in a hedge and began to cut across the fields.

It took him two hours to do four miles and he had gone off course again. A bus came marked "Devizes" and stopped to let off an old market woman. On impulse he took her place.

At Devizes he saw another bus marked "Newbury" and got on that. If he could make this part of the journey, he reckoned he had a chance. Once the bus had started he began to feel sleepy. But he reached Newbury safely. Then began the seventeen-mile trek to Reading. After two of them, he began to lift his thumb, still determined to make London that night. He was hungry again. A lorry picked him up but it was only going four miles and soon he was out on the road once more. His feet were killing him. The sun was low, and the high hedges threw half the road into shadow. Fifty miles more. So near and yet so. . . .

A long black saloon drew up with a slither of tyres. "Want a lift?" It was a big, youngish middle-aged man with a clipped moustache as narrow as an eyebrow, a check cap dead straight over his eyes, a tweed suit. "Going far?"

"Well, London, I hope, sir."

"Can do you as far as Twickenham, if that's any good." Cigar smoke drifted across.

"Thanks. Thanks a lot."

Now they accelerated away with a well-bred whine. The needle flickered up to sixty-five, to seventy. Cor, what luck.

"Smashing car," Gibb ventured.

"Yes. New last week. Just running her in. She'll do over a hundred."

"Aren't you supposed to run a new car in slow, like?"

"She's all right. And the firm buys me a new one every year."

They swirled round a corner at seventy. At a thirty sign the man slowed to fifty. It wouldn't be much fun if they were stopped for speeding.

Gibb breathed again as they got through Reading. He thought he was pretty well safe now. The man cut south to avoid Slough and went on talking about the blondes in his life. Abruptly he said: "And what are you doing on the road? You don't look like an ordinary hiker."

"I—er—no. I been working in Bristol. Bristol docks, you know."

"Ah. Going home for a few days?"

"Yes. Bit of family trouble."

"Ah. Family trouble. What I don't know about family trouble you could put on a visiting card."

Darkness was falling as they drove through Egham.

"Wife or girl friend?" said the man.

"Eh? Oh—er—wife."

"What's wrong?"

"Gone off with another man, she has."

Gibb thought that would appeal to his companion. It did. "Too bad. Wish mine would."

"You wish yours would what?" said Gibb.

"Go off with another man. Instead of sitting at home waiting for me."

"It all depends how you look at it, don't it," said Gibb, cautiously.

The man gave him a cigarette. It would keep the hunger away. "What are you going to do?"

Gibb tried to sound thoughtful. "Me? I don't know. Depends if I can find her, see."

The man was rather quiet for a few minutes. Then he asked: "Do you know this chap?"

"Ye-es. Old flame of hers. Name of Chertsey."

"That's odd," said the driver. "We just passed a signpost saying Chertsey three miles. Think he's there?"

"Ha, ha," said Gibb. "That's funny, that is. No, I reckon he wouldn't be there."

"You're not pulling my leg?"

"No. No, of course not."

"Maybe you're well out of it," said the other, pulling his cap a half-inch more over his eyes. "Women always try to tie you down."

Silence fell, and to Gibb's relief his friend did not speak again until they were in Twickenham.

It was easy from there. You said goodbye to the type and watched his tail-light disappear; you walked along the main street looking at the shops and the people, thankful you were back in your own surroundings and that darkness had brought you safety. You had a snack meal at a café and then you got on a red double decker—two years since you had seen a red double decker; and you dozed all the way into central London. Then you changed to another bus and dozed again while you bobbed and swayed out to Shadwell.

The windows of the bus were open, and it was a different smell out here. A smell of weed and water and tar somehow crept through all the ordinary city smells of an early summer night. It might be no beauty spot, not like all he had seen today, but it was home.

After he got off the bus he walked right past the warehouse they had broken into. Everything had gone wrong from the start, that time. Then Alf had panicked and slugged the night-watchman.

Across the Highway and up towards Cable Street. Now it meant going slow again. They'd be on the watch for him round his old haunts. They'd keep a sharp watch round the Basin, expecting he might try to stow away on one of the ships. He stopped at a stall and bought one or two things, then went up the narrow street beyond.

Half-way along the street he turned down an entry, picking his way among the broken milk bottles and the cans. A dustbin gave him a convenient lift over a wall. About him the shabby houses were lighted, but a little mist had drifted off the river and was smearing the sharp outlines; a baby was crying; somewhere a man and a woman were having a row.

On the roof of a wash-house he slid off his shoes, moved along the ridge; then he began to climb a drain pipe with his feet pressing into the angle of the wall.

The window was lighted. He tapped but there was no answer. He got his hand under the sash and shoved it up. It made a screech, and by the time he was in the kitchen an old woman had opened the door opposite and made a stifled noise exactly like the opening window.

"Les!"

"Hallo, Beat, weren't you expecting me?"

She took a hand away from her mouth to shut the door behind her. It cut out the music from a radio. "Well. . . ."

"Mean to say you hadn't heard?"

"Yes, but. . . . I didn't know if you'd try . . . I thought they'd be sure to catch you before you got here."

"I'd like to see them. Where is she—here or . . . ?"

"Sal? She's here. They sent her home this morning."

"How bad is she?"

"They say she'll be all right. It was a lucky escape. I near died. . . . Now *careful*, don't give her a shock. Let me go first."

In the next room a girl of ten was in bed listening to the radio. She had a bandage round her head. "Daddy!" she screamed.

"Now take it easy. What you been up to—getting into this sort of mess?"

She tried to put her arms round his neck, but grimaced and lay back on the pillows and let him kiss her.

"Sorry I'm bristly," he said. "Haven't had time to clean up. Been travelling, y'know."

"I said Daddy'd come, didn't I! I did, didn't I! I said you'd come, Daddy. . . . How did you. . . . Have they——"

"Never mind about me. What about you? Tell me about it."

"It was a van," said Beat from the doorway. "Come round a corner and skidded. Crushed her against a lamp-post. They thought she was badly hurt."

"And she's not?" said Les, peering keenly at his daughter's thin face.

"She's got two ribs broke. But nothing else, they say. I said they should have kept her in hospital another day, but they said she was all right to come home."

"I'm glad they did," said Gibb, "or else maybe I wouldn't have seen her."

"But you're going to stay now, aren't you, Daddy?" Sally said. "I heard

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WILD GEESE

In the late afternoon,
The smooth grey-flying geese wing
Out towards the sea,
Continuously honking.

In thin-shaped angles,
In follow-my-leader lines,
The geese fly to the sunset
Over the sand-strewn pines.

They pass in waves, over the lights
Of the snug winter town,
Between the scarlet clouds,
Shadows of bracken brown.

When the ghost of the morning
Snatches the cocks awake,
The grey geese shudder and fly
Inland—back to the lake.

Into the dawn they turn,
Salty and black, in the gold,
Flighting their way to the marshes,
Frost-bound and cold.

JUDY WARD

No–we still haven't got a <u>real</u> Health Service

More money . . . more doctors . . . more drugs—and more patients. The Health Service is tackling the job the wrong way round, says HARRY. HOPKINS

INVESTIGATIONS into the rising costs of the National Health Service threaten to become as endless as that service's investigations into the internal troubles of some of its patients. Many remedies have been suggested; almost every remedy, in fact, but the obvious one. Yet one day in 1953 the then Minister of Health, Mr. Iain Macleod, did make a startling admission: "We have a splendid service to cure ill health. What we *really* need is a splendid service to promote good health."

But *is* it practicable? There seems little doubt that an enormous amount of modern illness, even of the gravest kind, could fairly easily be prevented.

Since the war, deaths from coronary thrombosis, for instance, have risen at an alarming rate, and it is now responsible for about two deaths in every seven in men between the ages of forty-five and sixty-four.

In such characteristic diseases of mid twentieth-century civilization there are no bacilli wriggling on a microscope slide to point the guiding finger which made it possible to sweep away the great killing fevers. But for our public health doctors statistical analyses are now pointing to errors in our way of living almost as certainly as the microscope once indicated polluted water.

The Social Medicine Research unit of the Medical Research Council has shown that, on London's double-decker buses, drivers under fifty are struck down by coronary thrombosis *four* times more frequently than conductors of the same ages; civil servants in sedentary jobs *three* times more than postmen.

It has been found that, if the average death-rate from this cause is taken as a hundred, for doctors it is 159—compared with eighty for coalminers and fifty-five for farm-workers. General practitioners are struck down twice as often as other doctors.

Just what accounts for such immense occupational disparities?

Lack of physical activity—ever-increasing in this automated age—is believed to be one of the assassins. But other figures point the finger at our rich, fat-laden diet.

As Dr. John Kershaw, medical officer of health for Colchester, wrote recently: "The question of how people live is becoming as urgent and important as that of why people die." But, bemused by the new "wonder drugs" and surgical "miracles," we still concentrate at ever-increasing cost, in treating the effects rather than on removing the causes.

In the decade since the war 100,000 people died of cancer of the lung and bronchus. According to Dr. Horace Joules, of the Central Middlesex Hospital, unless effective action is taken, in the next decade, 250,000 — many people in the prime of life—will die of this modern scourge.

Yet cigarette consumption is not declining. Among women it is actually increasing—and though, so far, this has been a largely male disease, now the rates of increase in the two sexes are beginning to approximate to each other.

Cancer rate cut

Conversely, among the 40,000 doctors surveyed by the Medical Research Council team eight years ago, those who had not smoked for ten years are now showing a lung cancer mortality only one-third of those who continued.

It is three years now since these facts have been known; more than a year since the government officially accepted them. But what in fact has happened? The government merely sent out a circular, passing the buck to the local authorities. In some schools, leavers are given a "How to Keep Healthy" booklet in which the dangers of smoking is merely one item. In a few, a film has been shown.

Everyone has seen scores of "Keep death off the road" posters; immense propaganda efforts and many thousands of pounds have gone into the road safety drive. Few people have ever seen a smoking and cancer poster.

Bronchitis has been called "the English disease"—and not without reason, for we have more chronic bronchitis among the middle-aged than any other country. Our bronchitis death-rate is ten times that of Denmark, twice that of France. Bronchitis and the minor respiratory infections which often lead to it account for twenty per cent of all absences from work in Britain.

Yet once again this appalling burden of human misery, industrial loss, and medical cost is demonstrably largely preventable.

Recently a team of investigators directed by the Ministry of Labour's Industrial Health Advisory Committee made a detailed pilot survey of working conditions in the 760 factories of Halifax—a town selected because of the diversity of its industries.

They found heating and ventilation particularly poor. In multi-storey mills they reported that windows were "rarely opened because of draughts and the dirty outside atmosphere." The report added lugubriously: "These conditions were at their worst in winter when all domestic and industrial chimneys were in use. . . ."

An investigation of London postmen of similar ages has shown that the amount of bronchitis they suffer closely follows the degree of pollution of the air in the districts where their rounds lie.

Last year the Clean Air Act—the first with "teeth" in it—came into full force. But how urgently will those teeth be used? Past experience is not over-encouraging. The Smoke Abatement Act was passed in 1926; the first "smokeless zone" was established in Manchester in 1946; today, twelve years later, there are about sixty.

Even in quite small matters the Health Service's bias towards treatment rather than prevention sends the bill soaring. Fifty thousand foot accidents in industry a year cost in medical treatment and lost wages £1,500,000 annually. Nearly all of them could have been prevented by the wearing at work of safety footwear.

In the dental services, the habit of conservation and care built up in childhood would largely remove the costly business of making and fitting dentures, in Britain still fatalistically accepted as normal in quite young people.

Yet, two years ago, the Ministry of Health reported that "dental caries in five-year-old children is steadily increasing throughout the country—an indication of a sorry state of dental hygiene."

A dental famine

To *conserve* Britain's teeth the McNair Committee estimated that 20,000 dentists would be necessary. In fact, there are 16,000—and even these are now not being replaced by new recruits. In the next ten years, according to the president of the General Dental Council, there is likely to be a "dental famine."

Fortunately there is a second line of defence. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that the addition of an infinitesimal quantity (less than occurs in many places in nature) of fluoride—one part in a million—to tap water, dental decay can be strikingly arrested in children—with results that carry through into middle-age.

Fluoridization has been approved by a number of professional bodies—the American Medical Association, the World Health Organization, the Medical Research Council.

Yet — characteristically — fluoridization "experiments" have been started in only five British towns—and, of these, two have now withdrawn after violent attacks alleging that "tampering with the people's water supply" is

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CONE OF SILENCE

The brilliant new novel by

DAVID BEATY

Skirmish with

There was only one reason why should not fall in love with Charlotte. have to wreck her father's

WHEN a Phoenix jet airliner crashed while taking off from Ranjibad it ruined the reputation of Captain George Gort—the senior pilot of International Airways. For the result of the subsequent inquiry was: pilot error. . . .

The crash damaged the reputation of the Phoenix, too—but it would recover. Nigel Pickering, the plane's designer, was pleased with the inquiry's verdict. Nothing was wrong with *his* aircraft.

Probably only Gort himself and his daughter, Charlotte, anticipated a different verdict. The girl had great faith in her father's flying. During the week of the inquiry she clashed with Hugh Dallas—the training captain of International Airways—when he told her he believed the accident was Gort's fault.

Dallas was sorry to have offended her but he saw no reason for revising his opinion. And when the superintendent of the jets asked him to give Gort's piloting a recheck, Dallas made no secret of his reluctance. Gort was too old to be flying jets.

"I warn you. I doubt if he'll make out," Dallas said. "But if that's what you want—I can't see any harm in giving him a check."

PART TWO

HUGH DALLAS watched intently as Gort flew Phoenix Victor Kilo on instruments along the south-east leg of Hunnington Range. On the captain's windows the instrument flying screens were up.

Gort, in dark spectacles, looking like a blind man, was hunched over the few instruments he could properly see—listening to the only sound that mattered: the Morse drone of the Range.

Dallas adjusted the earphones over his head, heard the clicking Morse Ns on the edge merge into the steady note of the middle of the leg, then go right through to the other side—the beam here was narrowing, they were getting closer—into clicking As.

Gort made a slight turn to port. He appeared to be still bracketing—trying to gauge the drift effect of the wind on the aeroplane. Another left turn. Back into the beam. Now he'd overcorrected: clicking Ns, muzzy Ns, twilight Ns. Then—unmistakable, naked—clear Ns. *Dah Dit. Dah Dit.* An alarm signal, a warning to do something:

But Gort did nothing. He was going to go clean over to the other side of the Range, get panicky because the cone hadn't shown up, and then would proceed to do a let-down five miles or so beyond the station: something that even experienced airmen did, something that had caused hundreds of accidents.

Dallas was not altogether sorry that Gort was making a mess of it. It would be a clear-cut case. There would be no alternative. No point in giving him another chance, either. They weren't trying to push him through, after all. They were only trying to be fair to him, and after his check justice would have been done. He would have had his chance. It would have proved conclusively that it would be better for everybody if Gort was kept off the Phoenix.

JUST behind the two pilots, two Atlas engineers were talking in subdued tones: something technical, something to do with the cabin pressurization. There was nobody else in the aircraft. Not even Pickering, the designer.

When Pickering had heard that Gort was to be given another chance on the Phoenix, he had been angry. He had brightened when Dallas had said: "He probably won't make it," and had said: "Oh, I see now—just for the record. All the same, I don't think I'll go."

Dallas looked down at his check report. A good take-off. Gort had been extra careful, of course, not to get the nose too high; he wouldn't make that mistake again. Asymmetrical flying—with two engines throttled back on one side—Dallas had pencilled in *Above average* against that. Instrument flying—well, he wasn't a born pilot, and that of course showed, but he seemed to know what he was doing.

He began wondering how he was going to break the news. Best to treat the whole thing on a purely business basis: there were other jobs, other aircraft, other lines. . . .

Dah Dit. Dah Dit. A loud dirge of dots and dashes. Gort's hand made a small, deliberate move. The right wing went down. Then through his earphones Dallas heard the twilight rapidly increase, clicking Ns, and almost immediately afterwards the steady signal. Surprised, he was thinking *the drift must be more than I'd thought,* when suddenly, all at once, there was absolute quiet.

"The cone," Gort said, his hand coming up to punch the stopwatch. "The cone of silence."

He'd hit it, after all—glided into the cone, the central silent hub immediately over the station on which the

a brunette

Hugh

He might

career

"So that's Charlotte," said Joyce as the blonde girl crossed the foyer. "I'm glad she's not a stewardess, Hugh, otherwise you might be going out on service with her on Tuesday—instead of going with me"

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

four loud legs of the range pivoted like spokes: a tiny area, which Gort had found and split right through.

And then—after the silence—came a crescendo of sound, an enormous build-up, swamping through their earphones.

"Letting down," Gort said. "Seven thousand revs per minute. Field approach check."

He let the Phoenix descend for three minutes before doing a procedure turn on to the leg; and, coming the opposite way now, back towards the airfield, he split the cone again, positioning the aircraft nicely for landing.

DALLAS said: "Not bad. I've got her. I'll take her up to two thousand, and then you can do an I.L.S."

Half an hour later, after Gort had doggedly completed a let-down using the yellow and blue dial of the instrument landing system and an approach on zero reader, Dallas took down the green cockpit screens and said: "Just the landing now, George."

Gort swung the aircraft round in a wide sweep of the airfield and brought it down in a classic cross-wind landing. Dallas wrote on the check report: *Approach good, landing excellent.*

Now the check was over, he felt himself most unfairly pilloried. He had not expected Gort to come out of it so well. Must have put everything he'd got into it, of course. All the same, what could he say if he *didn't* pass him? Everything had been done by the book.

Yet if he *did* pass him, there was Pickering to be considered. He could imagine Judd's face, too, when the flight captain got back from Sydney. And then there was the responsibility.

"Well—" he began slowly, "I thought you kept a bit too long in the N signal."

Stony-faced, Gort said: "I'd got the drift. I knew where I was."

"Ye-es . . . but——"

"The wind was strong and gusting. I didn't want to be blown to and fro between the As and the Ns."

Logical. Unanswerable. So *that* was finished. Done with. Dallas could think of nothing else to say to the man except: "You were on form today."

Immediately he felt the figure in the captain's seat stiffen. "I am always available for further checking."

Oh God, Dallas thought, *the older they get, the more prickly they become.* He said, getting out of his seat: "As a matter of fact, that was one of the best checks I've ever done on anybody."

"You mean——" Gort still sat in his seat, looking at him.

"Yes, of course. We're short of captains. From this moment . . . you're on the roster."

LEAVING the flight deck together, they were very cheerful, back into informality. Gort said: "My car should be in the car park. My daughter said she'd call for me."

They walked towards the factory administration buildings. Among the scattering of cars parked outside, Dallas recognized Gort's oldish black saloon.

Gort led the way to the open driver's window. Charlotte was sitting there and she must have known how the check had gone by the way he looked at her. All he said—briefly, half under his breath—was: "Fine." And then, out in the open, publicly now, politely: "I believe you've met Captain Dallas, Charlotte."

Dallas saw the unhurried eyes switch from her father's face to his. No change of expression. She gave nothing away. "Yes, we've met." Then—perhaps a smile, perhaps not, difficult to tell: "How are you?"

"I'm all right . . . thanks."

Gort put his foot on the running board, and said: "I'm hungry, Charlotte. Ravenous! And I expect Hugh is, too."

"A bit," Dallas said. "We've been up quite a time."

"How about having a bite of supper with us?"

"A bite of supper?" The usual repetition, to give himself time to think. Turning, about to accept, he looked to the girl to repeat the invitation. But

Gilbert Harding asks...

Does your hobby make life worthwhile?

FOR very much longer than I care to remember I have watched, week by week, on *What's My Line?* a seemingly never-ending procession of people passing before the panel.

I am more than glad that we do not give suites of furniture or a year's supply of tinned soup to those who are successful; we give only a diploma. I wish we did not even give that. To so many it becomes the bacon they won't go home without; in their eagerness to win even our simple prize, some people say the strangest things.

You may remember (I do) the steel puddler who denied that he had anything to do with metal, the french polisher who scornfully rejected any suggestion that he was a craftsman, and the baker of bread who insisted that his was a "luxury" trade.

Clueless faces

I am often asked what I think about the procession of men and women who come along once a week. Well, it rather horrifies me to think that, today, it is so easy to find any number of people whose faces are so untouched by their daily work.

Only very rarely do I see a memorable face, a face moulded by a man's work. Few shepherds, fishermen, grooms, cooks, or gardeners, come before the panel for the very obvious reason that in their eyes, in the lines of their face, their job is written plainly for all to see.

Happily, poverty and hardship no longer etch tell-tale lines upon faces. But today so little of any kind is written there. Rarely do fulfilment, pride in labour well done, appear there either.

Too few of today's faces show the royalty of inward happiness. Character, in a face, I have always thought, is largely a by-product, an accretion, coming as the years pass, as hard work is done, and well and satisfactorily done.

Now monotonous jobs produce people as alike as their machine-made products.

I have often thought that *What's My Line?* would be a better game if we called it *What Are You Playing At?* because people's private dreams and their hobbies, rather than their jobs, now matter most to them and largely determine their appearance.

Miss Potts, the painter's daughter, Miss Bung, the brewer's daughter, to say nothing of Miss Chip—they do not look like the typist, the toffee-wrapper, and the tea-shop waitress they in fact are. They are all Miss Brigitte Bardot, more or less.

I do not claim to know much about young women, but they seem to need a hobby far less than do men. Perhaps that is because they can dress up and find a satisfaction, a personality, their work rarely gives them.

I have always been sympathetic to the so-called teddy boys because I have felt that, in their sartorial enterprise and experiments they, too, have been satisfying their very natural hunger to be, and to look, someone.

It remains for those of us who are somewhat older to find ourselves, out of working hours, in some hobby or other.

For a brief while, as amateurs, we share the content of those people who have real jobs, and so real faces, the enviable men, the fishermen, gardeners, craftsmen, cooks.

Of course, we have a supreme contempt for one another's hobbies. I have a maniacal detestation for those people who want to show me colour photographs of themselves and the kiddies at Newquay. I don't call collecting anything (except, perhaps, sixpences in an empty whisky bottle) a real hobby. I have no wish to play with trains. Gardening seems to me both grubby and laborious; though to water with a hose I find sheer delight on hot summer evenings.

I cook.

The Salvation Army says: "Why should the devil have all the best tunes?" Why should women, say I, have all the fun and satisfaction there is to be had in the kitchen?

Artist in gravy

Whatever is experimental in me, what little of the creative artist there is in me, finds immense and robust satisfaction in compounding succulent stews, glorious gravies, and in cooking simple, lovely things, such as English fresh vegetables, as well as I can (and better than most).

I was cooking my forty-ninth birthday luncheon in my London flat. They happened to be painting the outside of the building at the time. As I worked, I did not notice that a cradle, containing two painters, had appeared outside the open window. But, when I looked up, there they were.

Infra dig, as they say, to be caught at the stove?

Not on your life! I've never been so proud of myself as I was when I asked those two surprised men to taste the soup and noted their vast satisfaction. We were craftsmen all. THE END

Cone of silence

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she said nothing. Her face was still expressionless. He said: "That's kind of you, George, but I can't make it tonight, I'm afraid."

"Well then, some other time."

"I'd like that . . . very much."

Gort got in, and Dallas watched the straight, old-fashioned back of the saloon move away.

The following Saturday afternoon Dallas decided to give Charlotte a ring. There would not be another Phoenix available for training for ten days so he had arranged a trip for himself down the route on Tuesday. On the roster he noticed that Captain Gort had taken-off on the Singapore Express-Service that same morning. The girl, therefore, would be on her own, and might welcome the chance of coming to the theatre with him.

He finished off his paper work for the last training flight and then picked up the daily paper he'd brought in that morning. He started looking down the alphabetical list of theatres. She looked the highbrow type. Something fairly heavy would be required. His eyes stopped at the Os—the Old Vic.

ON the way home, he stopped his car at the first telephone box and rang Gort's number. When a girl's voice answered he said: "Is that Miss Gort?"

"Yes."

"This is Dallas. Hugh Dallas."

"Hugh Dallas . . . oh yes!" Then: "My father's out on service."

With commendable surprise: "Oh, is he? I'm sorry he's away, because I hoped . . . well, I've booked three seats at the Old Vic tonight. . . . But, anyway, you can make it, can't you?"

"Not tonight, I'm afraid."

A caution: "It's the last night, you know."

"Then I shall just have to be unlucky."

A reminder: "I wouldn't want to miss it myself."

"Of course not."

A final warning: "I don't often get a free evening——"

No defence of any kind was produced from the other end of the line. He had no hesitation in making the sentence a stiff one, and he finished: "Well, I shall certainly go on my own."

She took it calmly. There was a short discussion on what a pity it was, then they both said good night to each other politely, and Dallas rang off. From the mirror above the telephone a rather pink face stared back at him.

HE inserted four more pennies and rang Joyce Mitchell. She might, of course, be on service. One of the other girls might be there, though. She shared a flat with two of them.

But she wasn't on service. That unmistakable voice said huskily: "Grosvenor two-one-nine-one."

"Hallo, Joyce."

Straightaway: "Hallo, Hugh."

"Doing anything tonight?"

"Well, I'm supposed to be going out with someone——"

"With me—now. You can fix that, can't you? Say you've been called out unexpectedly for service."

Momentarily, in his mind, Dallas saw the creamy-skinned face under a fringe of black hair. She would be pouting now—the red lips a reproachful rose.

He had first met Joyce Mitchell on a trip three months ago. In London, he'd taken her out five or six times. Then he had flown with her—it had been quite a memorable trip—again.

On an impulse, he said: "I'm taking the Singapore service on Tuesday. You can fix that, too, can't you?"

"I think I can. I'll try, anyway."

"Good! Now . . . about tonight. A revue, I thought. There's one at the Vaudeville. Sounds French. Might be amusing."

"That'll be lovely."

"Pick you up at seven, then."

"Thank you." She said it meekly, sweetly, gratefully. That Gort girl, Dallas remembered, had not even said *thank you for calling*. The two voices were completely different, different in tone and texture; different in pitch and character. This one was warm and vibrant; the other one was cold and hard. He was glad now he'd been given the opportunity to discover such differences by direct comparison.

He was given an even better opportunity later that same evening. He had just bought tickets for the circle, and was walking over to where Joyce Mitchell was waiting for him in the foyer, when he saw Charlotte with a tall, thin man in grey.

He said: "Hallo."

She said: "Hallo."

When he came up to her, Joyce Mitchell said immediately: "Who's that?"

"You know Captain Gort. That's his daughter."

"Oh." Her eyes were fixed on the face, the fair hair, the figure in the red dress. "So that's Charlotte."

"She's a doctor's secretary, I believe."

"Well . . . I'm glad she's not a stewardess, Hugh, otherwise you might be going out on service with her on Tuesday instead of with me." Joyce gave his hand a certain possessive squeeze.

Three minutes afterwards, as the tide of the audience swept them up the stairs to the circle, Charlotte and her escort were just in front. Dallas heard her say to the man she was with: "We've come to the right theatre, Bill? You're sure this isn't the Old Vic?"

And as her escort protested in a puzzled kind of way that he was perfectly sure, she looked over her shoulder at Dallas and smiled sweetly. . . .

NUMBER 64 Dhammaratu Road was the Janjibad town office of International Airways. In the window there was a display of the route of the Phoenix: London — Rome — Cairo — Ranjibad—Calcutta—Singapore. 7,750 miles. Five services a week each way on the fastest route in the world!

Dallas walked across the gleaming linoleum to the door marked *Manager*. He knocked and then went inside. Mr. Robinson was sitting at his desk, surrounded by papers.

Dallas said: "I've just been admiring your display." He sat down. "Business picking up?"

"A little." Mr. Robinson shrugged in a European way. "*Very* little." He made a sudden Oriental gesture of resignation with his curiously pale-palmed hands. "We are still sending them out with empty seats. The first full load we ever had—"

"—happened to be in Victor Foxtrot the night of the crash. That was bad luck." Dallas put his hand in the pocket of his lightweight jacket for his pen and his wallet, and took out a letter of credit. "A hundred rupees, please."

Mr. Robinson knew perfectly well that this was the signal to change the subject. He took out his cash box. Opening it, he said, both for conversation and encouragement: "You find the Imperial Hotel comfortable, Captain?"

"Not bad." Dallas thought that no hotel could compensate for the enforced two days' wait—there was no service ex-London on Thursday—in Ranjibad, with its Pakistan liquor prohibition and the resultant high price of beer.

"There you are, Captain."

"Thanks." Dallas took the money and said goodbye to the manager. Joyce Mitchell was waiting for him in the outer office. They went out together.

Nobody was watching Mr. Robinson's new window display. Dallas stopped and stood staring at it abstractedly.

"What's the matter, Hugh?" Joyce took his arm and pressed herself a little against him. "Tell me, Hugh?"

"Nothing. I'm just thinking"

"Hugh! Hugh!" She laughed in mock outrage. "You *shouldn't*! Not with *me*!" She was still smiling, but

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When a woman takes to football . . .

She'll argue with the referee, jilt her boy friend, or even pick up the ball and go off in a huff

by ALAN LLOYD

MARGARET BOTTLEY, vivacious inside-forward for one of Britain's leading women's football teams, was having a bad game.

It was nearly half-time, with no score so far in the match, played last June, between Handy Angles, of Brierley Hill, Staffordshire, and Birmingham City Ladies. Margaret, who had previously pleased many soccer "purists" with her stylish play and precision shooting, had been beaten again and again by the Birmingham half-back.

Then a bus passed the ground, and two sailors waved from the window to the girl footballers. Margaret took the ball from her opponent's feet, made a dazzling run in her size-three boots and placed a superb shot in the net.

Although by half-time the Brierley Hill girls had established superiority, their trainer, Harry Rides, a professional soccer coach, took the precaution of giving them a short "pep talk" in which he told them how nice they looked in their satin, Continental-style blue shorts and gold shirts. His team won by eighteen goals to nil.

Touches of feminine temperament have done nothing to stop the increasing popularity of women's football. Since the war thousands of supporters have followed such sides as Manchester Corinthian Ladies, Wolverhampton Ladies, Aston Villa Ladies, Darlaston Ladies, Maldon Ladies, South London Ladies, Keelby Ladies United, Carisbrooke Women, West Wight Girls and even the St. Peter's Wildcats and the Kingsgate Killers.

Fast and aggressive

When a British women's football club took two teams to Portugal at a cost of £7,000 this year, crowds of 45,000 people turned out to watch.

Women's football has raised a large amount of money for charity, but some club members believe that if it becomes much more popular in this country the Football Association will make a determined effort to stop it.

The best girls' teams play fast, aggressive football. "They keep the ball low, they're not afraid to shoot, and there's no sentimentality about the game," says Rides. "The girls play to win."

Scores of twenty-nil are not uncommon. In a match at Tamworth, Staffordshire, this year, Margaret Bottley scored ten goals, her centre-forward, Pam Aston, another ten, and two other members of the team one each. Their opponents were so frantic that they put three more into their own goal to make the final score twenty-five goals to nil.

In retrospect, the winners sympathize with their vanquished rivals. "It's a shame, it really is," says Mavis Saunders, a dark-eyed beauty who plays outside-right for Brierley Hill.

But when the shoulder strap of her brassiere snapped during a match against Wolverhampton, Mavis resolutely held on with one hand while she sprinted down the wing to score the sixth goal in a game that ended ten-nil.

For top-class players, appearance is an important psychological factor in the game. "I never go on the field without make-up," says Mavis, "and before a match I always set my hair."

The former outside-left for Birmingham, a glamorous blonde, wore a knitted beret when she played. "In the end she had so many boy friends she couldn't spare the time for training," says Eddie Britt, a local referee, who arranges the team's fixtures.

Commentators agree that Birmingham, one of the youngest women's teams, has improved its standard of play immensely over the last two years. The girls do five-mile night runs each week to keep fit, and there is regular Sunday training.

"The great thing is not to let them become bored," says Britt. "They like to stop every half-hour for a natter or a spot of rock 'n' roll and a gossip.

"But they're keen, very keen indeed. Before a match I always remind them 'any hanky-panky and you'll get

Snow on the ground, but the girls are tough. Irene Austin, sixteen-year-old Wolverhampton goalkeeper, clears in a match against the Handy Angles

Trainer Harry Rides massages the strained knee of Pamela Aston, the Handy Angles centre-forward. Play can be rough and injuries are frequent

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

is half as good as Hovis

Hovis has eight times more wheatgerm* than ordinary brown bread. That's why Hovis has more flavour and is a much better food for you and the family. Ask your baker, *he knows—he bakes it.*

EXTRA wheatgerm gives you extra goodness that you don't get with ordinary brown bread.

EXTRA wheatgerm gives you extra flavour that you don't get in ordinary brown bread.

SO DON'T JUST SAY 'BROWN'—SAY

Hovis

that's better!

** Wheatgerm is the natural heart of the wheat—the part where the goodness and flavour are concentrated. And there's eight times more wheatgerm in Hovis than in ordinary brown bread.*

When a woman takes to football . . .

continued from page 11

chucked off the pitch.' Sometimes, in the excitement, they forget."

Although women play to the same rules as men, referees new to women's football have found the game perplexing. In general the players are more vocal than men. When Britt once awarded a free kick after the ball had been handled, the offending player approached him on the verge of tears. "But it's not fair," she protested, "I couldn't help the ball hitting my hand."

In another match an inside-forward was so busy passing remarks to a teammate that she failed to see a strong clearance coming, and was struck sharply on the seat of her shorts.

When the ball bounced straight to the feet of one of her own forwards she quickly adopted a dignified pose, as though she had meant it to happen.

Wolverhampton Ladies team includes a bank clerk, a nurse, a laboratory assistant, a dress designer, a paint-sprayer and several machine operators.

George Poole, an experienced coach who has trained both women and youths, says that women are far more excitable and need a man in charge.

"During a match at Stafford," Poole recalls, " a member of the other team pushed one of my girls off the ball. I could see that my girl was going to swipe her, so I called out from the touch-line. She stopped immediately."

Manchester Corinthian Ladies, one of the strongest women's clubs in the world, has forty-one playing members and selects its team only from those

HAIR—1

Ugly is a field without grass,
a plant without leaves,
and a head without hair.

Ovid

with absolute control of the ball. "Four of the girls can keep a ball in the air ten minutes at a time," says their coach.

In just under ten years they have won 228 of 252 matches, in which they conceded 300 goals and scored 1,618.

"Our girls play Brazilian football of World Cup vintage," says Percy Ashley, a retired Manchester business man, who manages the team. "Many of them are born footballers.

"Jean Seymour, our right-half, has dropped out four times to have children since she joined the club, and each time she's come back playing sparkling soccer."

The Corinthians scheme their moves carefully before they play. "They carry out complicated positional switches very effectively once the moves have been explained," says Ashley.

"The only snag is, they haven't the brains to know when to use them, and a trainer is not supposed to give instructions during play."

The cap trick

During a cup-tie against South Yorkshire at Sheffield, the Corinthian forwards were not surprised when Ashley raised his cap to them from the touch-line. In accordance with previous plans, the wingers changed positions, swept through a bemused defence and scored.

Competition to secure good players is keen among clubs, and, occasionally, the cause of dispute.

When Rides, of Brierley Hill, went to Goodyear Park, Wolverhampton, to watch Wolverhampton Ladies play one afternoon, he saw three of his own girls in Wolverhampton colours.

"I had a showdown with the Wolverhampton manager," he says, "and it's not happened since."

But when the Brierley Hill girls later played their chief rivals, Darlaston Ladies, star players from Wolverhampton and Manchester lined up against them in the Darlaston team.

According to a trainer who has made a careful study of women's football, few players have steady boy friends. One blonde left-half who, at eighteen, is among the best female "halves" in the country, broke off her engagement because her fiancé criticized her play.

Many players are devoted followers of male football stars. Shirley Greenway, a tall brunette who captains the Angles team, plays a versatile centre-half game conscientiously modelled on the style of Billy Wright.

Football crowds have been quick to identify women players with famous men. Alice Elliot, a north country winger who returned to football after a spell in the W.R.A.C., is known as the female Stanley Matthews, and Doris Ashley, a golden-haired centre-forward, inspired one soccer reporter to write of "footwork reminiscent of Alec James at his best."

Pride at stake

At three o'clock in the morning one Friday early in November, 1957, London Airport was enlivened by the arrival of fourteen jubilant girls in bright blue blazers and grey skirts. The Manchester Corinthian Ladies were back from Berlin after winning the Damen Fussball Europameisterschaft — the European Women's Football Championship.

After beating Holland two-one in the semi-final, the Manchester girls had romped through the final against Germany in Berlin, winning four-nil.

Manchester's European title, on top of something like ninety successive victories, was more than the girls at Brierley Hill could stand. "Our footballers' pride was at stake," says one player. "We were also jealous."

A crowd of several thousand turned out to watch a challenge match between the two teams at Steven's Park, Quarry Bank, near Birmingham.

Passing with precision, the Manchester forwards broke through their opponents' defence in the first attacking move of the game. Mary Bee, a top international player, seemed sure to score when the Brierley Hill goalkeeper, Valerie Cox, a bonny, jovial girl of seventeen, threw herself at Mary's feet and smothered the ball.

Spurred by a delighted roar of "Good old Sabrina," the Brierley Hill girls fought back and won six-three.

Their claim to be the new champions was not only opposed by Manchester, who denied that it had been a championship match, but also by Darlaston Ladies on the grounds that they had not been beaten and therefore had a right to play in the series.

Last September, at Bilston, Staffordshire, a neutral ground, Darlaston and Brierley Hill met before a large crowd to play their version of the championship.

Twenty minutes from the final whistle, with Darlaston leading by the only goal, Margaret Parkes, a pretty Brierley Hill inside-forward with a bubble-cut hairstyle and a hundred goals to her credit in previous matches, was brought down in the Darlaston penalty area by three defenders.

The referee awarded a spot kick. But, surrounded by Darlaston players, and spoken to by Brenda Bytheway, a strong and determined girl who keeps goal for Darlaston, he changed it to a free-kick *against* Brierley Hill.

"You couldn't blame the girls for getting a little bit excited," says Harry Rides. "Pam Aston, our centre-forward, went and stood over the ball in protest. Next minute she was lying in the mud. But we're used to knocks.

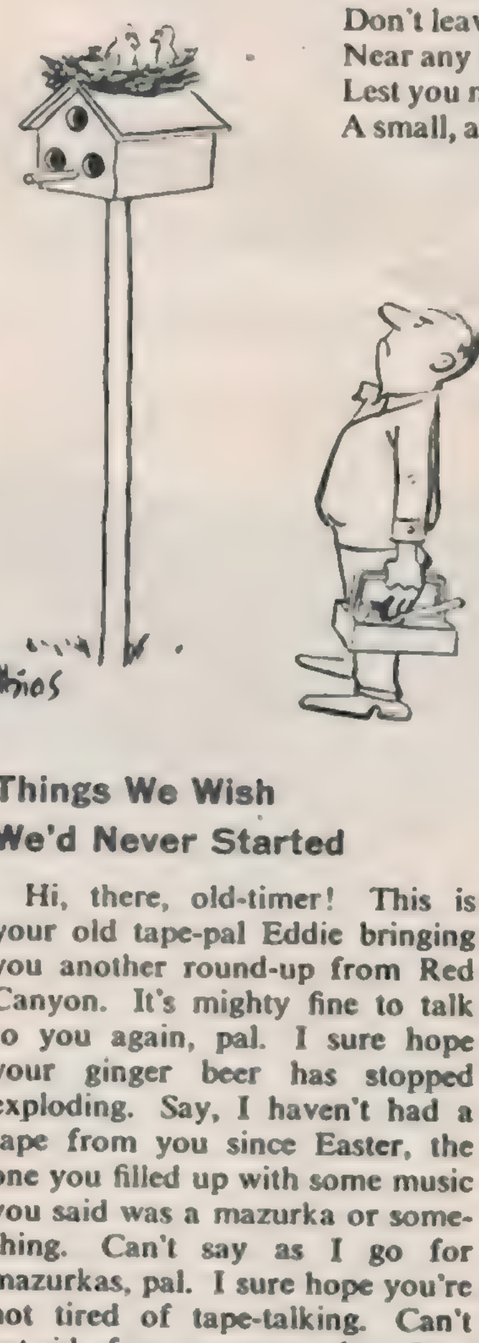
"Pam was once knocked unconscious, and another of our girls, Veronica Moore, broke her leg."

Followers of women's football consider the match to have revealed a fairly equal distribution of ability throughout the two teams. But a final result was never reached.

Shortly after the penalty incident, the Brierley Hill girls, upset by the trend of the game, picked up the ball and walked off the field, leaving the spectators to settle the championship for themselves.

THE END

In Short



It Cuts Both Ways

Don't leave an open razor-blade
Near any little boy or maid,
Lest you may find, to your despair,
A small, accusing finger there!

NOEL A. JONES

Things We Wish We'd Never Started

Hi, there, old-timer! This is your old tape-pal Eddie bringing you another round-up from Red Canyon. It's mighty fine to talk to you again, pal. I sure hope your ginger beer has stopped exploding. Say, I haven't had a tape from you since Easter, the one you filled up with some music you said was a mazurka or something. Can't say as I go for mazurkas, pal. I sure hope you're not tired of tape-talking. Can't get rid of me as easy as that. Ha! Ha! Well, pal, what you been reading lately? Me, I just read *Dracula* the twentieth time. They don't write stories like that any more. My daughter Alice she says I ought to see a psychiatrist, but look what she reads—*How To Cut Back Tummy Bulge*. Tried to hide my tape recorder one day, she did. Why don't I talk to her, she says, instead of to some old deadbeat eight thousand miles away that I've never seen? She meant you, pal! Ha! Ha!

Call me Eddie next time, old-timer. Just let it flow, like I do. Why, I feel like I was sitting in your parlour right now. . . .

E. S. TURNER

Note From The Head

Raymond is a very nice boy and at his age it is quite natural that he should want to cut a dash with his friends. Unhappily, they do not always quite realize when he is pulling their legs. For instance, he has convinced them that he is the owner of a large and expensive American car.

To support his story he has taken to bringing various accessories to school and I cannot help wondering where he acquires them.

In view of his general good behaviour I am prepared to turn a blind eye to number-plates; but yesterday he was found in the playground showing off a parking-light and this morning he arrived trundling a large white tyre.

What has finally decided me to approach you is that this afternoon he was caught coming into school with a cylinder head and, I regret to tell you, it was warm.

Although I quite realize that he shows unusual mechanical skill for his age, I cannot help feeling that sooner or later he is coming up against somebody who does not see things from his point of view.

R. G. G. PRICE

Inheritance

Baby has his mother's eyes,
  Eyes of clearest blue,
Baby has his mother's nose,
  Small and straight and true.

Baby has his mother's skin,
  Soft and smooth and fair,
But Baby, rather thin on top,
  Has his father's hair.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Sally Through The Hoop

Sally fled over to see me the other day saying it couldn't go on and something would have to be done. When I said was it the people next door's dog again she said no, worse, *inside* the home. It turned out she meant Hula Hoops, which were all right out in the open, or in the deceptive space of a toy department, but no better than cuckoos in a medium-sized house.

She'd pushed back all the furniture against the walls, she said, and hidden most of the breakable objects up in the attic, so that all the rooms looked like community centres, only smaller, but she still had to duck and weave her way about among her family, who had all become so many human spinning-tops. Even the baby had a special small one.

Sally had thought it might be one of those phases which pass, but it looked as if Hula was part of her life from now on, and what really worried her was that the whole family was getting more and more insistent on her joining in, and she couldn't make excuses for ever.

Only now they were all such experts that she'd never have the nerve to try it in front of them, and would I mind terribly if she practised in my big front room? It would simply mean pushing back some of the furniture to the wall. . . .

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

Britannia is the biggest privately-used vessel. Launching her, the Queen said that a yacht is a necessity, not a luxury, for the Head of the Commonwealth

The Queen is piped aboard. Britannia's crew of Royal flashes instead of red, and wear their jumpers tucked

Charlotte and Denis Plimmer describe life inside

THE ROYAL HOME AFLOAT

As Britannia rides majestically at anchor during the Royal world tour this year, one thing will certainly impress all who see her—she looks like a ship without a name. Nowhere on the hull does the word Britannia appear. The explanation is simple. As one fitter in Portsmouth naval dockyard put it: "There's only one Britannia—just like there's only one Queen."

Britannia is 5,769 gross tons of regal flourish. Like Buckingham Palace, No. 10 Downing Street and the White House in Washington, she is a home as well as an instrument of state. And she must be both simultaneously.

Prince's 'luggage'

When she carried Queen Elizabeth to Copenhagen on May 21, 1957, few among the quayside throngs noticed that, hidden behind one of the yacht's boats, was an even smaller boat. Prince Philip had taken along his Dragon Class racer, Bluebottle, to challenge Denmark's best amateur skippers. He had tucked it aboard just as an ordinary traveller tucks golf clubs into his car.

And this is typical of the dual rôle Britannia plays in the life of the Royal Family. If it were not for the fact that she is privately used, Britannia could not really be termed a yacht at all. The biggest vessel in private use anywhere, she is a pocket liner.

She is almost half as long as the Queen Elizabeth, the longest ship in the world. Stood on end, her 413 feet would tower forty-eight feet above St. Paul's Cathedral.

Her mainmast, highest of her three raked masts, soars 139 feet. Last November, a hinge was inserted twenty feet below its top, so that when the Queen opens the St. Lawrence Seaway next summer, the mast can be folded back to pass under the bridges.

Britannia ships a Royal Navy crew of twenty-one officers and 230 ratings. She is skippered by a rear admiral, Peter Dawnay, and is the only vessel in the navy's register whose captain is a flag officer.

Although her size makes her about as much like an ordinary yacht as Buckingham Palace is like an ordinary home, she has managed to remain remarkably homely. Her after-third is given over to the Royal Family's private quarters, cabins for their guests and staff and entertainment rooms.

One woman who has visited some of the most luxurious private yachts in the world was surprised by the comparative simplicity of Britannia when she was invited to a Cowes Week cocktail party aboard. It was the same cocktail party at which Prince Charles made his first appearance as an "adult" participant in yachting festivities.

"The Queen," she says, "has created a kind of waterborne country house."

The drawing-room and the ante-room which opens into it become one large *salon* when the interconnecting doors are folded back. This double room is close-carpeted in pale grey and painted a creamy shade of turquoise.

The furniture is the kind of mixture that turns up in any family which has handed pieces down from one generation to the next. Modern (but not "contemporary") couches and easy chairs, covered in pinky, flowered chintzes, stand side by side with small Chippendale tables, Georgian-style wine-coolers filled with growing plants and a modern brass-galleried sofa table.

The fireplace is electric, not wood-burning. There is a grand piano which is in use whenever Princess Margaret is aboard. And there is one small round table—the only truly nautical piece in the room—which is mounted on gimbals and never tilts in rough weather. It was taken from the prewar yacht, Victoria and Albert.

The dining-saloon, which is forward of the drawing-room and separated from it by a spacious central lobby, is the largest room in the ship. Down its centre stretches a long, darkly gleaming D-ended table, surrounded by shield-back Hepplewhite chairs.

The table can accommodate thirty-two, but a year or so ago the Royal Family decided that that wasn't enough. They had a set of removable wings built, to seat twenty-eight more. Prince Philip, always practical, shipped sixty Buckingham Palace staff down to Portsmouth for a "dummy-run" lunch. There was elbow-room for all.

This is the deck for serious work as well as for entertainment. Just abaft the dining-saloon are two offices, one portside for the Queen, one starboard for Prince Philip.

Long and narrow, they are structurally identical. But where the Prince's is masculine and severely modern, the Queen's is feminine, with an ormolu mirror and silk-shaded wall-sconces. An alcove in the Queen's study is filled with books; its counterpart in Prince Philip's is a well-stocked bar.

Secret telephone

Both have built-in desks, concave-curved at the front. Prince Philip's is surfaced with polished wood, the Queen's with gold-embossed leather. Each has a microphone-jack and a pair of telephones, one for open conversations, a green "scrambler" for secret talks.

From her desk the Queen conducts State business and keeps in touch with the Royal children. From his, Prince Philip made his Christmas, 1956, broadcast in Antarctica, in the name of "absent friends": "Without absent friends to remember today there would be no Commonwealth, for we can gain nothing without some loss. . . ."

Sleeping quarters for the Royal Family are topside, on what is called the shelter deck. They are reached by both a lift and stairs and are grouped to form a sort of bungalow with its own veranda and sundeck. Its inner floors are raised two feet higher than the outside deck, to raise the ports above the heads of passers-by.

Opening off a broad corridor, port, are staterooms for the Queen and Prince Philip. Starboard are two more, for Prince Charles and Princess Anne or whoever else in the family is aboard.

The only non-Royal travellers who sleep on the shelter deck aft are the Queen's personal maid, Prince Philip's valet and their assistants. Adjoining their cabins are the two Royal wardrobe rooms.

The sundeck is the family's private playground. When it is hot, a canvas swimming pool is rigged up, as it was for Princess Margaret when she was crossing the Indian Ocean. Prince Charles once hit a cricket ball into Rothesay Bay from the sundeck.

On the shelter deck amidships is a garage which, on State occasions, houses the Queen's big maroon Rolls-Royce. During holiday cruises it takes two Land-Rovers instead.

Sitting-rooms and forty-two cabins for guests, household staff and servants are all on the two decks (main and lower) below the entertainment rooms. The most important V.I.P. aboard gets a suite.

Although Britannia is protected by many scientific devices—from Asdic, Loran and radar to a degaussing belt to combat mines—she pays one tribute to superstition: nowhere is there a cabin numbered "13."

On the main deck are offices for the two Royal private secretaries, and a

Navy men wear white arm inside bell-bottom trousers

Britannia

telephone exchange. In port a telephone landline is hooked up, but at sea the Royal yacht uses radio-telephone. There are four transmitters and encoding and decoding equipment.

As the yacht neared Britain after the Queen's 1953-54 Commonwealth tour, the wireless room was packed with messages about the Royal reception. But, in the midst of it all, the operator managed to squeeze in a query from the Queen asking the result of a horse race.

Superb kitchens

The Royal third of Britannia, completely air-conditioned, contains its own galleys, sculleries, china and silver pantries, linen, baggage and strong-rooms. The kitchens, run by the Buckingham Palace chef, have tiled floors, gleaming steel surfaces and electric cookers—a far cry from the sweltering galleys of Victoria and Albert where, one chef recalls, a shift of wind was always dousing the coal fires.

Back-to-back with the Royal galleys are equally streamlined galleys for the officers and crew.

Britannia's crew is unusually comfortable. The chief petty officers are berthed in six separate four-berth cabins; aboard most naval vessels, C.P.O.s sleep in dormitories. The seamen's recreation room has a piano and built-in leather settees. The wardroom is furnished with light modern furniture and flowered curtains. In its anteroom, officers take their ease in deep leather chairs.

Officers and men find it both a pleasure and an honour to serve aboard Britannia. There is a long waiting list.

A Britannia rating is easily recognized. The ribbon on his square-rigged cap is inscribed "Royal Yacht." His arm-flash is white instead of red. His jumper is tucked *inside* his trousers. Seen from astern he has a neat black silk bow fastened amidships.

At sea, ratings do not wear their caps. Without them, they are technically out of uniform and hence not required to salute. The Queen is, therefore, free to wander about the vessel without this constant formal interruption.

Whenever possible, the Queen accepts

continued on page 22

Britain's eighteen-knot palace sails the oceans of the world

The Royal dining-room ready for a State banquet. There are places at the table for thirty-two, but removable wings make it possible to seat twenty-eight more. At a special lunch, Palace staff tested it for elbow room

The Queen's private sitting-room with its business-like built-in desk, is given a softer, more feminine look by the glazed chintz curtains and furniture made of white ash

Prince Philip's sitting-room is severely modern. Two pictures on the teak walls and the model of the frigate Magpie, his first command, are the only decorations in a room largely used for work

The Royal quarters in Britannia have been described as "a kind of waterborne country house." This drawing-room, carpeted in pale grey, has been used for such varied activities as State receptions and birthday tea parties

Fear held her heart. As I watched, I knew that only I could save her. Yet I was old, too weary

A husband for Gretchen

by BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

THE music whispered in the shadows of the room. The girl bent over the violin, and the light from the lamp shone and glimmered on her white, thin fingers, on the darkness of the wood, and she seemed a stranger to me—no longer the Gretchen that I knew, the daughter of my brother Hans.

It was as if in her music she went away to some secret country, far away from the old hotel and the white, cold mountains; as if, when she played, it took her to the south, to her mother's country.

Jakob Bohme shifted beside me on the oak bench, breathing through pursed lips, his thick white hands resting on his plump thighs. It would be hard to look less interested in the music than Jakob did. All the time Gretchen played, his eyes would be searching the room, weighing the pewter and silver mugs on the high shelf running round it; weighing up Hans himself. And yet this was the sixth time he had come. Almost once every month, during the whole winter, when Gretchen would play to Hans and me and any friend who cared to come, on a Sunday evening.

We had been astonished the first Sunday that he came. Even at thirty, Jakob Bohme seemed too solemn a man to spend an evening listening to the violin. You had only to look at his thick black waistcoat and gold watch chain, and narrow black tie, to know that here was a land-owner, a man of consequence, who would regard music as mere foolishness. And yet he came.

"It's the hotel," Hans said to me on the second Sunday, after he had left us. "He wants to buy a share in it."

"Perhaps," I said. "Perhaps." The hotel needed capital, God knew. Without it, it was just an old, three-storied timber tomb sinking gently into decay. But there was a cold whisper of fear in my mind that Gretchen would be part of Jakob's bargain. And, each Sunday that he came, I grew more afraid, worried that he would choose this night to say why he had come.

And now it was the last Sunday. Tomorrow would be the summer season, and an end of these music evenings until next winter. Already the four servants had arrived. Two German girls from Hamburg, and two boys from the Ticino, one to cook, and one to do the garden and anything else that needed to be done.

Perhaps he was not going to speak at all. Perhaps he had changed his mind. I prayed that he had, staring at the red eye of the big, blue-tiled stove, trying to close my mind to everything but Gretchen's music, as it drew me down into the warm valleys of the south.

We had a game that we played about those valleys, she and I, about the holiday that we would take one day when I had saved enough, over the great Rügen Pass where the snow never melted, down into the Ticino valley, to Lugano, to Italy and the shining lands of the sun. We had talked about it since she was a small child.

"What will the south be like, Uncle Klaus?" Gretchen used to say.

"It will be like a fairy tale," I would tell her. "There will be fruit growing by the roadside; grapes, and pomegranates, and golden peaches. And lakes of blue, bright water. Not grey like ours, but blue as the summer sky."

"And will Mutti be there?"

"Maybe," I would say slowly. "Yes. Maybe even Mutti will be there."

ALTHOUGH, as Gretchen grew older, she knew the answer to that question, too, and never asked any more if her dead mother would be there. Yet still we played the game of the great holiday that we would have one day when I had saved enough. But money comes hard in the high valleys, savings grow slowly. And now Gretchen was a young woman. And Jakob Bohme had come.

The music sighed, and faded; trembled on a last long note, and was done.

"Fine, fine," said Hans. "You are getting a great girl, Gretchen. Now for coffee and cakes, eh, Herr Bohme?" Twice already Hans had insisted on Jakob Bohme staying with us for refreshment. And now that this third time must be the last until next winter, there was a tone almost of beseeching in his voice.

As the door closed behind the girl, Jacob Bohme spoke. "Herr Höllerer," he said, placing his fat white hands on his knees. "I wish to speak to you about your daughter, Gretchen. As you must know, I am a well-positioned man." He lifted one hand and turned it palm upwards, seeming to hold in it his membership of the Burgerschaft, his cattle, and his land. "I have watched Gretchen all this winter, and I may tell you that I have a high regard for her. And for you, Herr Höllerer."

He looked round the panelled room as he spoke. At the stove. At the old walnut bureau in the corner which held the bookings for the season. It was easy to see him sitting at that desk, square and solid in his black broadcloth. And easy to imagine the hotel much richer if he did. But I could not imagine myself sitting there beside him as I sat beside Hans, talking of this and that, or not talking at all, while Gretchen played her violin to us. I could not imagine it at all.

SUDDENLY I realized how old Hans had grown since Gretchen's mother died. And I myself? Was I old, too? I looked at my hands, veined and knobbed with work and the long winter's cold. And all the time I held my breath for Hans's answer. Although I knew already what it would have to be.

"This is a great honour, Jakob," Hans said. "But it is so sudden. We must talk to Gretchen—must speak to her." He tried to smile. "My only daughter—you will understand. Klaus, go to the kitchen to fetch Gretchen."

He took out his huge blue handkerchief and cried into it, and I knew that Gretchen was lost, and that we would never go on that famous holiday together in the south.

"Gretchen," I whispered from the doorway of the kitchen. "Your father wants you——" But she did not seem to hear me. A boy was leaning against the wall. Dark brown hair curled up from his wide brown forehead. His white shirt was unbuttoned at the throat. And his eyes were full of laughter, so that they seemed to shine with their own light in the dark, low kitchen. The other new servants were there as well, the two German girls, and the cook. But it was the boy that Gretchen was looking at, her hands holding the baking tray of *strudel* while one of the girls took the hot tarts from her and put them on a plate.

"Gretchen," I said. And she came back from a hundred miles away and looked at me with such a smile as I had not seen on her lips all winter. "I'm coming," she said. "I'm coming. You men—can you never wait?"

"It's not for the coffee," I said, as

Gretchen did not put he

we went back down the passage. "It's—it's——"

I could not go on. But I do not think that I needed to. She knew what the matter was the moment she went into the coffee room. I saw her eyes go wide and dark, the smile vanish.

"Yes?" she whispered.

Jakob looked down, smoothing his waistcoat with his thick, pale hand, smiling a tight, small, confident smile into his collar. And I looked at Gretchen and wanted to strike him in the face. Yet what could one do? A girl must marry. It was only that Gretchen was so young, still so much a child. But Jakob was rich, and the

arms round my neck as she used to do. She turned away and laid her forehead on the glass of the small window. And I knew that she had grown up . . .

chance might never come again. Each year we did less business in the hotel. In a few years' time we might have to look much lower than Jakob Bohme in order to get Gretchen married.

But all the time I was thinking of these things, it was being decided, so far as Jakob and my brother could decide it between them. Gretchen sat with her eyes lowered, and her face flushed dark, saying almost nothing.

"You understand the honour Jakob is paying you, my *liebchen*?" said Hans.

"Yes, Father."

"And that you must answer him soon? You understand me, Gretchen?"

"Yes, Father."

He waited for her to say more, but she stayed quiet, her hands folded into her lap on her lace apron, her brown hair smooth to her small head, her mouth trembling.

"She is shy," said Hans, fumbling awkwardly for her hand. "You must forgive her, Jacob. A young girl—the first proposal——"

"It is very becoming in her," said Jakob. "I should not like it if she answered too quickly. So serious a step must be well thought on, both in the bosom of the family and the privacy of the heart." He got up and bowed, not without dignity. "Good night, Herr Höllerer. Good night, Fräulein Gretchen." To me he only bowed, as if he recognized an enemy.

When we had seen him to the door, and returned to the coffee room, Gretchen had fled.

"You can never allow it," I said to Hans. "She would break her heart."

"It must be," said Hans, lifting his hands and letting them fall, in a gesture showing his depths both of weakness and obstinacy. And I knew that I would never move him now.

For a month after that night Gretchen hardly spoke a word to either of us; only the little that it was necessary to say. Her face grew thin, and whenever Jakob came up of an evening and she was obliged to sit with him and her father, she would fold her hands and stay like a small wax figure, hardly raising her eyes. But I think that Jakob felt that this was only as it should be.

She never sang any more, and the one time that I heard her playing her violin, alone in her bedroom, it was as if she was saying goodbye to it. I thought my heart would break to hear it. I went up to her room that night, and tapped at the door.

"What do you want?" she said

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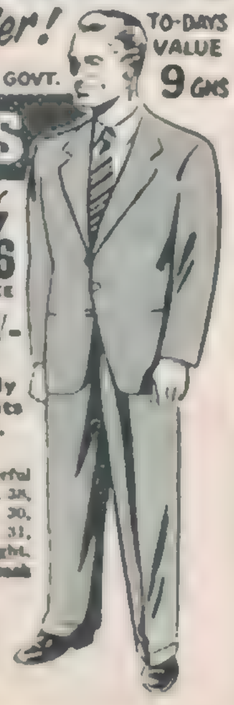

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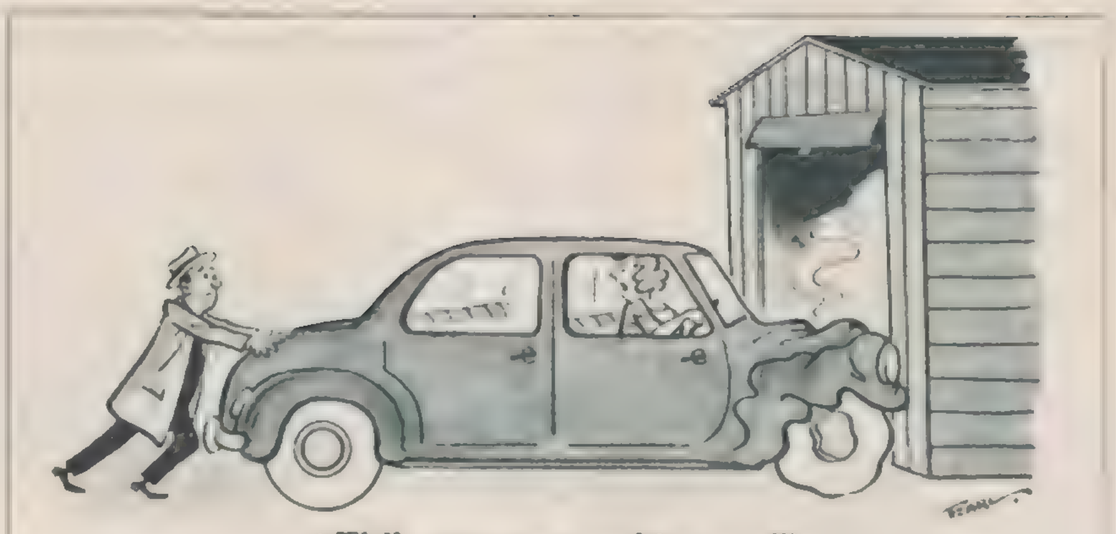

"Well, you were pushing . . . !"

A husband for Gretchen

continued from previous page

very quietly when she saw who it was.

I thought she'd put her arms round my neck then, the way she used to, but she turned away, and laid her forehead on the glass of the small window.

"Can you ask me that?" I said. Yet what did I want? She had grown up and I had grown old. What could I want with her any more? I saw her shoulders trembling, and knew that she was crying. "Come to me," I said. I put my hands out to touch her, but she shrugged them away. And after a little while I let my hands drop at my sides and went out.

And then, one day, I noticed a change in her. I came into the coffee room as she was polishing the old brass-and-marble clock above the stove.

"Gretchen," I said. "You're smiling!" And I put my finger under her chin to lift her face until she had to look at me. She lowered her eyes and the smile vanished as if my coming had killed it. "Gretchen!" I said again. And then, without any warning, she was clinging to me and crying. "I'll never marry him," she whispered. "Never, never, never!"

I thought of Hans, and his untold depths of obstinacy. I thought of Jakob, and the calm strength in those fat white hands and that heavy face.

"Never is a long word," I said.

She pushed back from me with a sudden fierceness.

"You want me to marry him, too," she said. "And yet you say you're my friend."

I shrugged, opening my hands in helplessness. "What else can you do? Don't you see——"

"No," she said. "No. I don't see, Uncle Klaus. All I see is a fat man that I hate. Oh, Uncle, Uncle." She came close to me again, looking up at me through the tears in her angry eyes. "Don't you remember the stories you used to tell me about a prince who would come from the south? Don't you remember?"

"But those were children's tales," I said miserably. "There are no princes any more."

She finished polishing the clock. Then she said: "I'll never marry him." And she was gone before I could answer.

A fortnight later it was Jakob who came to me. His white, heavy face was grave.

"I am unhappy about Gretchen," he said. I waited for him to go on. "This is not a thing I can say to her father—you understand? She has been seen talking more than once to . . . to. . . ."

"Yes?" I said softly.

"To the Italian gardener you have. Many times. And for long periods together."

"You are a liar," I whispered, although I knew that he was not. I put out my hand to grip his wrist. "Admit that you are lying."

For a long second I held him against his will, while he stared into my eyes, his own small, blue eyes, as hard as stones. "I am not lying," he said at last, moving his wrist out of my grasp. "I will leave it to you alone to speak to her." And he went out, holding his broad, black hat against his chest.

A maid came in to take away the coffee things.

"Ask Fräulein Gretchen to come to me here," I said. . . .

"You wanted me, Uncle Klaus?"

"Yes," I said. "Sit down and listen to me." She looked suddenly very grave and solemn, the way she always used to look when she had done something naughty, and knew that we knew about it.

"The gardener . . ." I said.

She flushed and then went quite white. I put out my hand and took hers, and she didn't resist. "Please, my love," I said. "Don't you understand? You are not a child any more. You cannot do these things. If your father hears of it. . . . Of course, I know it is all as innocent as daylight—he is young and you are young, and you've talked a little together. I know all that. But you are a woman now. And there is. . . ."

"Jakob?" she suggested bitterly.

Looking back on it, I think that that was the most difficult moment of all. More difficult even than the things that came afterwards. Because then once and for all I had to choose. On one side everything that was right and proper: Hans, the hotel, Jakob. And on the other side: What? And yet I knew already which I should choose.

"No," I said. "Not Jakob. You must never marry Jakob." And her eyes, as I said that, paid me for all things. But if not Jakob, what?

"Listen," I whispered. "Listen, my little one. What would you say to going on our great, grand, famous holiday? Going to the south?"

She opened her eyes at that and smiled. "Oh, Uncle Klaus," she said. Then the smile faded. "But are you only telling stories?"

"No story," I said. "I have money saved—not very much, but enough to give us a start. And I'll work. And you shall play the violin. And one day a prince will come."

She smiled at that, taking both my hands in hers. "My prince has come already," she said softly.

"The . . . the gardener?" I stammered.

She nodded, slowly and with that great certainty that only young girls have.

"But. . . ."

"Will you meet him?" she said beseechingly. "Will you talk to him? Oh, Uncle Klaus, if you only knew him." She was looking at me, but I doubt if she saw me. "He's going to be a singer. All the winter he studies, and in summer he earns money. Oh, if you only heard him sing. . . ."

"This . . ." I started. I was going to say: "This is all nonsense." But with her eyes on me I could not say it.

"Yes?" she prompted me.

"This . . . this young man," I said heavily. "When do you want me to meet him?"

"Today," she said, starting up. "Now. This very minute. Oh, Uncle

Klaus, come quickly. Come quickly." She dropped her voice to a whisper. "We're to meet on the little beach just now, because he is free. Quick, quick."

I let her lead me as if I were the child, hardly stopping to take up a hat. I saw him when we reached the end of the cliff path. And heard him. He was standing with one foot on the bench, head thrown back. And he was singing—not full voice the way a man would sing wanting to be heard, but almost softly. Such power in the soft singing as I never heard before.

Then he saw us, and stopped in midnote, becoming suddenly an awkward boy in a white shirt and old, shabby trousers.

"This is my Uncle Klaus," said Gretchen soberly, as if the gardener and I had never seen one another before.

"I know," he said, flushing and putting his hands behind his back, as if he were afraid I might think he expected to shake hands with me.

"And this is Tino," said Gretchen.

"I know," I said, trying to smile, trying to be glad.

"We meet here almost every day," said Gretchen, her eyes dancing with the joy of thinking of it. "He has told me all about his mother and his father. His father is a chef in a big hotel in Lugano, Uncle Klaus. Tino is going to be a singer and his brother is going to. . . ." She saw my face then, and stopped. "Is . . . is anything the matter, Uncle?"

"No . . . no," I said. "But . . . does all this . . . does it mean . . . ?"

"It means that we are going to be married," whispered Gretchen.

"I will be good to her," said Tino.

ONCE more I must choose. I could do what I ought to do, what all the world would say I ought to do: turn on my heel and hurry to tell Hans. Have Tino sent packing and Gretchen bundled into a safe and proper marriage. . . .

Or I could give these two children my encouragement to be mad.

"I hope you will be good to her," I said.

I went to bed very early and lay hour after hour, staring at the dark ceiling and thinking of what I had done, until at last I fell asleep.

"Uncle Klaus, Uncle Klaus!" An urgent knocking on my door awakened me. "Uncle Klaus!" It was Gretchen's voice. I put my feet down to the floor, straightening my nightshirt and fumbling for the cord of the lamp.

"What is it?" I whispered, opening the door, and blinking in the sudden light. For answer she brushed past me into the room like a small ghost in her nightdress, rustling a piece of paper in her hand. "Look." She held the paper out to me to read.

"My beloved," the note said. *"Your father has put me out of the hotel. He and Herr Jakob came and woke me just now, very late, and said that I must go, and that, if I stayed even until daylight, they would have me arrested.*

"Come away with me now. I will wait on the little beach till daylight for you.—Your Tino."

"What does all this mean?" I said, still half-bewildered with sleep and the sudden waking.

"What it says," said Gretchen impatiently. She took two quick paces up my little room and back again. "What shall I do? What can I do?"

I began to understand. Jakob was not a man to let a gardener stand in his way, or a girl's feelings, when there was a hotel to be got by a little firmness.

"He threw a pebble at my window to wake me," Gretchen said. "And when I opened it he threw in this note tied to a small stone. When I tried to whisper down to him he just put his finger to his lips and pointed to my father's room. What can we do?"

I looked at my watch, hanging beside the bed. Two in the morning. In three hours it would be light. And soon after that Jakob Bohme would come with his heavy tread and his thick hands to make sure of Gretchen and the hotel. And there would be no withstanding him.

"We'll go together," I said.

"Oh, Uncle!" whispered Gretchen.

Her lips brushed my cheek, but before I could move she was gone, the door clicking softly shut behind her. I pulled on my clothes, trying to think what I should take: the box with my savings in, my new pair of boots for Mass, the music box Gretchen had given me for my last birthday. I stuffed them all into the old rucksack hanging behind the door. Outside the moonlight lay on the lake.

"Quickly, Uncle Klaus," whispered Gretchen. "Hurry."

We stole like thieves along the little path, Gretchen pulling my hand, guiding me, her young eyes seeing the path quicker than mine. Until there was the little beach, and Tino waiting.

"Oh my love," he said. "Oh my beloved. . . ." His arms stretched out to her, his face filled with brightness in the moonlight. And then I stepped out of the shadows after Gretchen, and the brightness faded. "Your uncle?" he whispered. "Isn't it all right? Are you not coming . . . ?"

"Oh yes," she said. "And he is coming, too."

"I see," the boy said, and then smiled again, turning to me. "You are very good to us."

I took the hand he held out to me and tried to smile.

"No," I said slowly. "I will not be coming." They looked at me in astonishment, and Gretchen seized my hands. But it was too easy to see the beginnings of relief in their eyes. "I have trusted you already," I said to Tino. "Now I must trust you more. If Gretchen goes with you, will you treat her in all things as you should?"

"In all things," said Tino.

"And will you go with him, Gretchen?" I said, trying to look into her eyes. But I could not see.

"To the world's end," said Gretchen.

"Then there is no more to be said," I whispered. "Only to give you a small wedding present." I set the rucksack on the ground and fumbled in it for the box of savings. "Here is something for that famous holiday in the south. For your honeymoon."

VERY slowly she took the box, holding it in her hands and looking up at me for a long time without speaking.

"Go," I said. "Go. It will be daylight soon, and you'll never reach the road in time. No, don't say goodbye. Perhaps . . . perhaps one day we shall meet again. . . ."

"In the south," said Gretchen, clasping the box against her breast, her face already shining with her new life and happiness.

"In the south," I echoed her.

I heard the sound of their footsteps for a fading moment. And then there was nothing at all but the lap of the small waves on the little beach.

Nothing at all. And yet, was it nothing—to send two people into happiness, into the warm south and the bright future? Before today's daylight faded they would be in Lugano, among the peaches and the vines, watching the blue water under a blue sky.

Here there would be Jakob, and Hans, and explanations. But two people would be happy.

I took out the music box from my rucksack and opened it, and sat in the darkness by the whispering lake, listening to its small, sweet music. THE END

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NEXT WEEK

THE HIGH JUMP

Brilliant complete story by ELSPETH HUXLEY

Getting Away

The island magic of Europe's deep south

by ELIZABETH NICHOLAS

The Piazza Umberto, meeting place of visitors to the Isle of Capri

THE flow of traffic from Great Britain in the holiday season is now so great that agents can offer, for those who take advantage of party tickets, very reasonable exclusive prices for even quite long journeys.

Spain and Italy come immediately to mind. Clearly, a holiday in either country is going to cost rather more than a jaunt across the Channel to Belgium, but by and large it is true to say that fares to popular holiday centres in these southern countries are very far from being expensive.

For example, one agent offers eight days in Ostend for fourteen guineas, and an eight-day holiday in Rimini, on the Adriatic coast of Italy, for £21 15s. That means that you would pay only £7 for something like 1,500 extra miles of rail travel.

A perfect choice

Major bargains of this kind do relate to party travel, and when one gets off the well-trodden track, costs bound up. Greece and Yugoslavia come in this category. There are, of course, first-rate tours of these countries, at strictly competitive prices, but the range offered is, naturally, much smaller than is the case with a country such as Italy.

Greece in particular is a perfect choice for those who take their holidays early or late. Spring and autumn are ideal seasons for the hot countries of the south. I was in Athens, and some of the Greek islands, last September, and the weather was hot all the time.

Yugoslavia, too, if you travel far down the Dalmatian coast, is excellent for the early or late holidaymaker. What could be more lovely than Dubrovnik, in early spring, when the sea reflects the soft blue skies of April, and the blossom is spreading slowly across the hills?

To travel by ship from Venice down the Dalmatian coast, with calls at a multitude of little ports and islands to add colour, is a glorious experience. It's so much better in early summer, before the crowds have assembled.

The deep south of Yugoslavia still cherishes an ancient, comely way of life. It is one of the very few regions of western Europe where you may still see men and women who wear traditional dress every day.

In Greece, despite the present political tensions, I found last summer a friendly greeting everywhere. The Greeks are a highly civilized people, and do not identify each individual with the policies of his government. When, occasionally, such matters were mentioned at all, it was only to express regret that the ancient friendship between Greece and Britain should for the moment be clouded.

So do not hesitate to visit the land loved by Byron for fear you will not be welcome. For me, there is no lovelier country in the world. The Greek islands are unique and glorious, and no man should die before he has set foot on them and looked on an azure sea from a temple-crowned hill.

Italy has much of the splendour of Greece in less austere and arrogant measure. As far as I'm concerned, Italy means a little hill, in Tuscany maybe, topped by a white and crumbling farmhouse, its slopes filled with terraced vines, and the summit marked by a group of black-green cypresses pointing to a brilliant sky.

That is the essence of Italy, repeated so many times.

The great sweep of coast, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, cradles every type of town and village, from the large, sophisticated resorts of the Italian Riviera to the tiny, huddled fishing ports of the remote southern provinces, Apulia and Calabria.

Also there are the islands, Capri, Ischia, Sicily and Elba, which is just beginning to find its feet in the world of the tourist. Sardinia, released now from the mosquitoes that once plagued it, is acquiring an ever-increasing share of the tourist trade. Other lovely islands, still virtually unknown, are Ponza, Giglio, Lipari and Stromboli.

Rome is just as perfect for the autumn holiday as it is in spring. Assisi I saw first on a golden day in February and, looking back, I find it difficult to believe that it *was* February, for my memory is all of sunshine, warmth and cloudless skies.

For summer visitors to Italy, the coast is the thing, and here I come to Venice, one of man's supreme creations, a city that has no equal in its magnificent perfection. It is not, however, the best centre to choose for a holiday in mid-summer. Jesolo lies not far away, though, if you do not mind that there should be other people on a ten-mile stretch of beach. An agent is arranging eight-day holidays there for £23 15s.

If you like mountains, there are the Dolomites, with a score or more of wonderful towns and villages anxious to make you comfortable and happy.

Romantic lakes

Lastly, there are the lakes: Maggiore, Garda, Como, Orta—all of them heavy with romantic overtones. Last August I found myself in a sleeper on a train that passed the southern shores of Garda. I had not seen the lake for five years, and suddenly, as I turned my head, and saw those thick, sweet, blue-tinged waters, it seemed to me that I had never been away.

Garda is, for me, the most beautiful of all Italian lakes, and the picture framed by the window of my carriage was the quintessence of everything that is the south: sun and blue skies, warm waters, fruit and flowers and spreading trees, heavy colour that reflects the fierceness of the sun, and everywhere a somnolent tranquillity. THE END

I ought to hate this flat

says ROGER SMITHELLS

There was a fiery devil-face on the door at the top of the stairs. The door flew open and a smiling hostess welcomed me into a flat which upset most of my cherished notions about home-making in a small space

The sitting-room door frames are painted in glossy white and the panels papered to match the walls. On the pedestal is an antique carved and gilded Bacchus

In the bathroom the blue roses of Crown's washable wallpaper clamber everywhere. Note how the boxed-in cistern is camouflaged to match the walls

Mrs. Beazley showed me the picture-story of her life—a four-fold screen papered with family portraits and mementos against a background of coloured papers. Here is a 1911 invitation to Court ("*Ladies* in *Feathers* and *Trains*," it says), portraits of stage friends—Yvonne Arnaud, Owen Nares, Ivor Novello, a sentimental postcard of the first World War, numerous snaps of favourite bulldog, "Mr. Boggles"

GIVING advice can be a dangerous habit. I give a good deal of advice about home-making problems and I enjoy doing it. It is pleasant to feel that one can help. But sometimes I am stopped dead in my tracks wondering whether the well-tried principles which I have cherished myself and passed on to others are always so dead right.

Furious questionings of this kind occurred when I visited Mrs. Nelto Beazley's under-the-roof flat one day this week.

A climb up five flights of boring stairs, past eight impersonal brown front doors, left me half-winded and quite unprepared for the interior decorator's roundabout and fun fair waiting for me at the top.

Mrs. Beazley's flat is compact. The rooms are small, the ceilings low, some of the walls lean inwards. Just the place, one would say, for an uncluttered scheme with self-effacing furniture, plain surfaces, flush carpets and large mirrors creating illusory vistas. With superb gusto Mrs. Beazley ignores all these stock devices for making a home in a small space. Her rooms are full of noble furniture. Every flat surface is loaded with treasures. Pattern riots over walls, floors and ceilings. The whole place is drenched in superb colour.

"It's just a glorious scrapbook," said one friend. "It's exactly like a visit to the seaside," said another. They were both right. By all the rules I ought to hate this flat; but I found it enchanting.

Mrs. Beazley triumphs because there is one rule which she does not break—the only one that matters: be yourself. Often when answering timid letters about "correct" colour schemes or furniture styles I have added a special plea: *Don't worry about being correct. Don't follow my advice unless you like it. Have the courage of your own taste and enjoy your home.*

Glorious clutter

Enjoyment, even revelry, is the keynote of this flat. No dead wood here. The clutter is of that glorious kind where every item has meaning. These collections of bric-à-brac are mementos of a rich and enthusiastic life. To every object there is a tale, and the tales as told by Nelto Beazley are often funny.

This is a castle-to-cottage story. The castle was in Wales, where Mrs. Beazley was born and brought up in the days of gracious living. She trained for the stage at a time when this was still an uncommon thing for a girl to do. Early marriage put an end to a stage career. The first World War left her alone with

"You should call this picture 'Make Me An Offer,'" said Mrs. Beazley. But this was no haggle. I was being formally presented to the largest of the china pig family—lucky pigs which by tradition must always sit facing towards the door. The living-room is full of treasures against a riotous background of flowered wallpaper, curtains of geranium-red dress corduroy with a pelmet of pale green, a pink ceiling and a black carpet patterned in pink and blue. An old china washbasin on the hearth is piled high with giant shells from Australian beaches, satin skinned and iridescent. Side tables display collections of mother-of-pearl. Details of the home-made lampshades are on page 22

three small sons and the need to fend for the four of them. She did many jobs, becoming finally a director of the Portmerion Hotel, in the grounds of which she started a small antique shop. This has now blossomed into a grand affair, the Portmerion Shop in London, run by one of her sons. Cooking, curio-collecting, plunging into new jobs and fresh enterprises, are interests on which Mrs. Beazley has given broadcast and television talks. Above all, she has immense vitality and a passionate interest in people.

All these gifts and qualities are embodied in a flat which is almost bursting at the seams with the amount of life crammed into it and which serves Mrs. Beazley's family and many friends as an exchange point in a splendid jungle telegraph system.

Mrs. Beazley is a great do-it-yourself addict, with a talent for producing the maximum effect with the minimum of effort. The lampshades which she throws together from odd bits of lace, hat straw, plastic tape and fabric are separately described and illustrated on page 22. Her scrapbook screen, shown on the left, is made vivid with a background of patterned and tinsel papers and such family photographs and mementos as normally lie neglected in a bottom drawer. She uses dress materials for furnishing because they give a wide choice in colour and gaiety—washable cotton for bright cushion covers with contrasting flounces; fine dress corduroy and taffeta for long curtains. And to keep the balance she uses furnishing fabrics to make becoming frocks.

Everywhere there is colour. The tiny kitchen is painted bright red, with a venetian blind instead of a door to save space. In the pink and blue bedroom are parti-coloured net curtains, blue for one half of the window, pink for the other. The bathroom is a riot of blue roses. In the hall a pattern of rose hips clambers up the walls and across the ceiling. And on every ledge are the precious collections—mother-of-pearl, welsh lustre, pottery of all kinds, lucky pigs. . . .

This is the way a home should be made—with enjoyment and abandon and no second thoughts about doing the correct thing. I am grateful to Mrs. Beazley for riding rough-shod over my pet prejudices. I think those lucky pigs have done their job well. This is a lucky and a happy flat.

* * *

Roger Smithells will help you with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

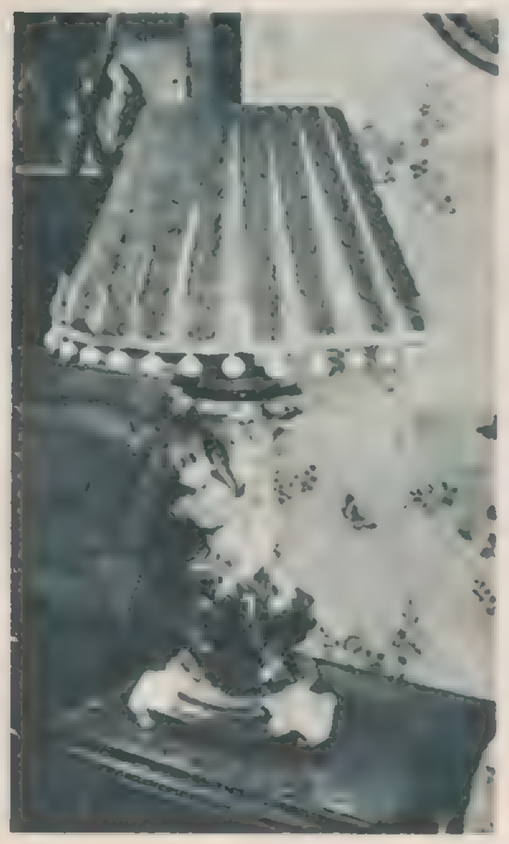
Elaborate lace teacloths and doilies are out of tune with life in a small flat. Here, mounted on a ground of baby-blue dress linen, they make an original bedspread. Mrs. Beazley turned the doilies into huge daisies, replacing their linen centres with embroidery, and linked them with her own design of embroidered leaves and flowers

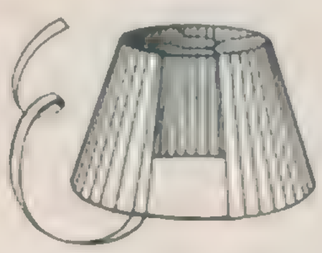
BE PROUD OF YOUR HOME
by ROGER SMITHELLS

Mrs. Beazley's

Pretty Lamp Shades

MRS. NELTO BEAZLEY, whose lively flat I have described on the previous pages, has a magic touch with lamp shades. From plastic tape, hat straw and odds and ends of fabric and fringe she conjures up frothy confections with a costly air. Here are details of the four shades which you can see in the big picture of the sitting-room on page 21. All are quick, simple and cheap to make. As a foundation Mrs. Beazley winds plastic tape, bandage-wise, round an ordinary wire shade frame. This is a rapid operation involving no stitching. Only the ends of the tape must be secured. The lamp shade above is made with plaited white straw wound round the frame in the same way and finished with a heavy green bobble fringe. The lamp base of figured Bristol glass is illuminated from within. The shade below is made from scarlet hat-straw bound over a foundation of pink plastic ribbon as shown in the drawings. The standard is a Wedgwood mer-baby in natural colours.





White or tinted plastic tape is first wound round the frame to make a solid covering

Now bands of hat-straw are wound in the same way but spaced to form stripes. Bobble fringe is sewn round the edge

A double petticoat of nylon net over a foundation of plastic tape is gathered with a pink satin ribbon and finished off with a pearl button

Over white plastic tape, edged top and bottom with cerise ribbon, are layers of black and cream lace once a part of grandmother's wardrobe

The Royal home afloat

continued from page 15

an invitation to dinner in the wardroom. She returns the courtesy by inviting several officers at a time to dine with her.

Not surprisingly, life aboard Britannia is less formal when Prince Philip alone is in charge—as on his last Commonwealth tour.

When the vessel crossed the Antarctic Circle, all hands were awarded a lino-cut certificate designed by Edward Seago, the marine artist. This document declared, in a text superimposed on a background of Antarctic fauna (one whale, one seal, one penguin, one frozen-looking human) that the holder was entitled to a "Red Nose."

At about the same time, the Prince launched the now-famous beard-growing contest. It began with the Prince sternly telling all those who already had beards to shave them off and start fair. It ended—six weeks later, off the Canaries—with prizes of razor-blades, after-shave lotion and shaving cream.

During this 38,000-mile voyage, Britannia was refuelled at sea, using her standard naval jackstay rig. But even without this device, the vessel's cruising range is more than three thousand miles, relying on her auxiliary fuel tanks which bring her oil capacity up to 490 tons.

Fully loaded, she also takes twenty tons of diesel oil for the forty-foot Royal barge and the seven other small motor boats, plus 195 tons of fresh water.

Loading her is an elaborate affair. The navy sees to its own victualling from its own stores, but Royal food is delivered by train and lorry from the Royal Warrant holders. Directly from Buckingham Palace come between two and three tons of cargo—gifts for foreign dignitaries, black tin trunks labelled starkly, "Buckingham Palace office equipment," the wardrobes of the Royal travellers, cans of film for showings in the dining-saloon.

Early on the morning of departure, fresh flowers are rushed from the Royal estates to whatever port Britannia will sail from—Dover, perhaps, or Folkestone, Harwich or Hull.

When the Queen is aboard, Britannia is never without an escort. Trinity House vessels accompany her within British pilotage waters; the Royal Navy, usually a pair of destroyers, precedes her at sea.

Ships from the host nation's navy take over as Britannia nears a foreign port, at which time the navy's destroyers fall behind.

Arrivals mean smart work for all hands. At the instant the anchor is let go, signal flags are broken out overhead. The Royal barge is put over the side, and the Royal companionway, with its snowy canvas hood, lowered into position. The angle of descent is never greater than fifteen degrees.

No gunsmoke now

Recently, off Portsmouth, the crew established a practice record: they moored to bow and stern buoys, put all boats overside and let down all four companionways in seven minutes flat.

Britannia used to carry two three-pounders on her compass platform to fire salutes, but now does not. "They made a hell of a racket," we were told, "and besides, you just couldn't have all that dirty gunsmoke messing up her white paint." Salutes are now fired by escorts.

In port or at sea, a five-man team spends four hours daily burnishing the brass rims of her port-holes. By the time the earliest-rising Royal voyager opens his eyes, all the scrubbing and scouring that begins at 5 a.m. has long-since ended.

Not only is she dazzlingly clean, she is also uncannily quiet. Ratings cat-foot about the decks in tennis shoes. Orders are never spoken aloud in any part of the ship that might conceivably be within earshot of the Royal Family or their guests. No Tannoy system carries broadcast summonses. Men needed are quietly telephoned.

"Noisy people just aren't very popular," we were told. The only nautical sounds permitted are the ship's bells, which mark the watches, and fog-horns in bad weather.

En route to Denmark, Britannia struck a fog-patch and the eerie horns hooted incessantly all night. Next morning, the Queen told her staff that she hadn't slept a wink.

Britannia is virtually vibration-free, thanks to an almost interminable series of model tests which led the makers into all sorts of nautical byways, from reinforcing the hull at certain points to deciding on four-bladed propellers rather than the more conventional three-bladed type.

Smooth sailing

Even when her two massive sets of 12,000-h.p. turbines developed a peak speed of 22.75 knots during sea trials, only faint vibration was felt. At her normal cruising speed of eighteen knots, the vessel glides with all the majestic smoothness of a jetliner.

There is evidence that her early reputation for instability is no longer deserved. As recently as two or three years ago, the Queen, not too good a sailor, was seasick several times. Yet, only last summer, after a several weeks' illness, a Britannia cruise was advised by the Queen's doctors for her convalescence, a suggestion they would never have made if the retractable stabilizers were not effective.

Never will the present Royal Family undergo an experience like that of the late Queen Alexandra. Aboard the old Victoria and Albert with Edward VII, bound for a Baltic rendezvous with the Czar of Russia, the Queen was suddenly thrown, chair and all, right across the dining-saloon, with teapot, cups and saucers flying after her.

Britannia's plans were begun under George VI. Her keel was laid down at John Brown's on the Clyde four months after his death, and on April 16, 1953, Queen Elizabeth II launched her.

The designers were given a double challenge. Not only were they to create a vessel which could nobly carry the Queen into any climate in any weather; they must also make her convertible into a hospital ship.

Assuming that push-button wars do not make all hospital ships hopelessly obsolete, the Queen's and Prince Philip's staterooms, for instance, will, in wartime, become TB wards and sick officers' quarters, the drawing-room an isolation ward, the Royal wine cellar a medical store.

The builders started with a £1 million budget, but by the end of sea trials they had spent more than twice as much. Since then, repairs and refits have cost nearly £500,000, and running expenses about £1,000 per day.

During the first seven months of 1959 she will sail 25,000 miles.

Next month Prince Philip joins her in Rangoon for a Commonwealth cruise to Singapore, Sarawak, Brunei, Hongkong, the Solomon Islands, the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, Christmas Island and through the Panama Canal to the Bahamas and Bermuda. Next summer the Queen sails up the St. Lawrence.

When she launched Britannia, the Queen said: "The late King felt most strongly, as I do, that a yacht was a necessity and not a luxury for the Head of our great British Commonwealth, between whose countries the sea is no barrier but the natural and indestructible highway."

THE END

HAIR—2

A woman with cut hair is much like a monster.

William Prynne

My plot to overthrow a minister

The Russians were blockading Berlin, and the army needed men to meet the threat of war. And all that I could get from A. V. Alexander was indecision

A. V. Alexander, Minister of Defence in the Labour government, leaves No. 10 Downing Street. He often incurred the anger of the service chiefs, especially . . .

. . . Field-Marshal Montgomery, then C.I.G.S. "I am sure he disliked me . . ." writes Montgomery, "but he couldn't say that I sat on the fence or never committed myself"

By September, 1946, it had become clear that drastic measures would be necessary if we were to meet the serious manpower situation brought about by the rapid rate of release from the army at the end of the war. The introduction of National Service in peacetime was essential.

It had been hoped by the government that our commitments would decrease when the war ended; but they did not, nor did they show any signs of doing so.

Palestine was in a state of grave unrest. Egypt was on the boil due to the delay in the treaty negotiations. Trouble threatened in the Persian Gulf oilfields. Internal strife loomed ahead in India. In fact, an uneasy peace brooded over the world. Voluntary recruitment was not producing the number of men we wanted; service in the army is never popular, especially directly after a war.

On my return from America in September, 1946, I reached the conclusion that a showdown with the government over the whole manpower question was imperative. My colleagues on the Chiefs of Staff Committee were not too keen to face this issue. The navy had little use for National Service, the First Sea Lord describing it as a "millstone round the neck of the armed forces."

This did not deter me, and there were some stormy meetings before the need for National Service in peacetime was agreed by the government. The National Service Act received the Royal Assent in July and was to come into operation on January 1, 1949. From that date all men called up were to do one year's full-time service and thereafter six years in the Reserve or auxiliary forces with a liability for part-time training.

The War Office had agreed to the Act on the basis that our overseas commitments would be liquidated, that no more would arise, that there was no enemy to fight and that there was no need for any unit of our field force to be maintained as immediately operational—in other words, full peacetime conditions.

But the winter of 1947-1948 unfortunately witnessed grave developments in the international field, culminating in the Russian blockade of West Berlin, which began on June 24, 1948.

It was now quite clear that "full peacetime conditions" could not be expected for many years; at the least, a struggle for power was likely during the next year. What about our manpower situation?

I came to the conclusion that we would not get the government to agree to a period of two years' National Service with the Colours. But we could present a case for eighteen months which was unassailable; we would fight for that.

I assembled the military members of the Army Council on October 19, 1948, and asked them if they were all prepared to resign in a body, led by me, if anything less than eighteen months' National Service with the Colours was decided upon by the government. They all agreed.

I notified the Secretary of State for War (Mr. Emanuel Shinwell). He was a bit startled; he obviously had to inform the Prime Minister that he was about to lose his Army Council. The matter was urgent, since the National Service Act (giving only one year with the Colours) was due to come into operation in a little over two months.

Government's courage

The decision was not taken until late in November. But in the interim I had put my successor (Bill Slim) in possession of all the facts, and he got the eighteen months. I don't know whether he had threatened to resign.

When all is said and done, one must pay tribute to the courage of the Labour government in introducing National Service in peacetime, in the face of great opposition within its own party. Attlee and Bevin pushed it through for us.

During the early months of 1948 the international situation became gradually and steadily worse, and the blockade of West Berlin by the Russians began.

At a meeting with the Minister of Defence on July 7, I suddenly shot at him the question: "Is the government prepared to go to war for Berlin?"

This was a real "yorker." I gained the impression that in Mr. Alexander's view I had committed the unpardonable offence of asking him to give a decision.

I pointed out that if the answer to the question was "Yes" the government must realize that the army was not ready for war in any way. If war was contemplated then certain steps were essential at once; without such action we would merely suffer a series of appalling disasters when fighting began. I received no answer to my question, neither then nor later.

During all this wrangling I was becoming more and more "fed up" with the Minister of Defence. It was my view that he always sat on the fence, never committed himself and never gave a decision. I am sure he disliked me intensely, but he couldn't say that I sat on the fence, or never committed myself to a definite course of action.

After a particularly exasperating conference on July 15, 1948, I put it to the First Sea Lord and the Chief of the Air Staff that Mr. Alexander was a "passenger"; I asked them to form up with me in a combined approach to the Prime

Montgomery

continued from previous page

Minister and ask for his removal, on the plea that we had no confidence in him.

To my immense astonishment they both agreed. It was duly arranged that we would all three meet in the Air Ministry (since Tedder was our chairman) at noon on Tuesday, July 20, to decide the tactics of our approach to the Prime Minister.

I had learned over the years that on such matters the important things are timing and tactics—as, in fact, they are in war. All seemed set, and each day passed without any signs of cold feet on the part of my colleagues.

Came Tuesday the twentieth. The hours passed—10 a.m., 11 a.m., 11.30, all seemed good. But at 11.40 Tedder came through on the telephone. He said that he had been talking the matter over with the First Sea Lord; they agreed that none of us had any confidence whatsoever in the Minister of Defence, but they both thought that the action I proposed was unconstitutional and would undermine the future position of the Chiefs of Staff Committee. They could not associate themselves with it.

Since I found myself alone on the battle front the matter had to be dropped.

A difficult person

I continued to push things along and tried to infuse a sense of urgency into defence matters. All this nettled Mr. Alexander, and one day he spoke disparagingly about me to Mr. Shinwell, saying I was a very difficult person and asking whether he had started thinking about my successor!

We now come to momentous days.

On September 10, 1948, the chiefs of staff had a first-class row with the Minister of Defence. Curiously enough the battle was started by Tedder, who was usually not at all bellicose on such occasions. I quickly rallied to his support and, between us, A. V. A. was utterly routed. It happened in this way.

Mr. Alexander wanted to discuss a statement about release from the Services which was to be made in Parliament on September 14. Tedder at once asked that reference should be made in the statement to the need for giving every possible encouragement to regular recruiting, as it was the "regular content" of the Services which was the hard core of our fighting efficiency; we depended on the regular soldiers for our technical efficiency, tradesmen and so on.

But Mr. Alexander informed him that he was not prepared, for political reasons, to do this.

Tedder then got very angry and said that the government had never given the Services any help in this very difficult matter, and had given no lead to the nation about the importance of a good response for regular enlistment in the fighting Services.

This upset the Minister of Defence. He said that no government in British history had ever done so much for the Services as had the present Labour government, and he instanced particularly two points: (a) the pay code for the Services, and (b) National Service.

I then chipped in and said that in the army whenever the pay code was mentioned everyone began to curse. Married officers had used up their war gratuities and were now getting into debt. The pay of the Services had not increased with the increased cost of living, as had been the case in civilian professions. As regards National Service, everyone knew that we had had the hell of a fight to get it and the government had "wobbled"" badly at the last moment.

I then said that I agreed entirely with the views of the Chief of the Air Staff about the need to encourage regular enlistment and to give the reasons. I said I could not understand the refusal to include this in the statement to be made in Parliament. Was the government frightened to do so?

Mr. Alexander was now getting really angry. He said the government were frightened of nothing. The real trouble was we were making a mountain out of a molehill. To this Tedder made a very neat riposte, saying that the Minister was using the molehill in his statement and was refusing to recognize the mountain; the crying need today was a better "regular content" in each Service, and this was not going to be mentioned in the statement.

I chuckled (audibly, I fear!) at this riposte and chipped in again, saying that I agreed entirely with Tedder.

I then said that I had been forty years in the army and I had never known the Services reduced to such a parlous condition in relation to their commitments. I said we had sunk to the lowest depths.

This fairly put the cat among the canaries. Mr. Alexander was so angry he could not speak for several seconds. He then said that statements had been made which would have to be taken up again in another place. I said I would gladly repeat my statement in *any* place and in *any* society—in the House of Lords if he liked.

The First Sea Lord (Lord Fraser) said practically nothing. He had only just taken over at the Admiralty and this was, I think, his first attendance at the Chiefs of Staff Committee. The proceedings seemed to astonish him—as well they might!

It was commonly said in Whitehall

that the minister complained to his friends that he had been "stabbed in the back" by the chiefs of staff. I warned the War Office to get ready to deal with snipers and possibly to repel boarders.

If I had learned anything at all in Whitehall, it was that after such a squall the chiefs of staff must at once justify their attitude; this could only be done by submitting statements giving the condition of the Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force and the principal factors which affected them. We did this on September 21.

Cause for alarm

The War Office statement proved that the army could not meet its commitments with the manpower, and financial and material resources allotted to it.

The chiefs of staff paper ended with a statement that the present state of the forces gave cause for the "gravest alarm."

When the Minister of Defence discussed our paper with us, I told him in very clear terms that we could not make proposals to him for three balanced Services within the limits of £600 million—the total estimated Defence Budget for 1949-50. I said that "it simply was not on." I added that we needed "security." This would cost money. It was useless trying to buy security on the cheap.

There is no doubt that all this plain speaking was having some effect; we had definitely worked up considerable alarm in government circles.

Mr. Alexander made a speech in the House of Commons on September 23, 1948, in which he announced that, in view of the international situation, steps were being taken to review "the whole of the problems of manpower and equipment of the Services in the light of the changing circumstances." At long last it did seem that we might get a dividend from the uphill fight we had been waging with the government for the past two years.

But it was not to be. There now began a series of meetings, wrangles would be a better word, about virtually everything affecting the shape and size of the armed forces. The wrangles went on all through October (my last month as C.I.G.S.) and by the time I left the War Office on October 31, 1948, they were still raging with rather more vigour than previously—and no decision had been reached.

Looking back on those days, I would cite four main reasons for the lack of efficiency and harmony in the machinery of the Chiefs of Staff Committee:

1. A poor Minister of Defence.
2. An inferior secretariat in the ministry.
3. Incompatibility of temperament among the three chiefs of staff.
4. The tendency of each Service ministry to fight for its own corner when money and men are scarce.

All these considerations forced me to the conclusion that the system of compromise inherent in any form of committee system of management was not the best way to conduct our defence affairs. The Minister of Defence was incapable of ever coming down firmly on one side or the other. We would always have had to accept a decision eventually, but we never got one.

But one must be fair to Mr. Alexander. He very seldom got clear and unanimous advice from the chiefs of staff.

When I went to the War Office in July, 1946, I discovered that there was no clear conception of British strategy in a major war, nor did my colleagues

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on the Chiefs of Staff Committee consider that we should produce a paper on the subject just at present.

I did not agree, and we had some discussion about it. In the end the War Office produced a paper defining the strategy, and on July 25 I submitted it to the chiefs of staff. The main feature of the paper was that we must build up the strength of our potential allies in Europe, and thus establish a strong Western bloc which would protect us all against another invasion from the East. We ourselves must be prepared and organized to fight on the mainland of Europe alongside our allies.

So far as I am aware this was the first attempt in British circles to get agreement that we must fight in continental Europe in the event of war. I was unable to get my two colleagues to agree and, as I was then a "new boy" in Whitehall, I did not force the issue at that time—being much occupied with other matters.

The scene now changes to December, 1947. The Foreign Ministers of the occupying Powers in Germany had been engaged in a conference in London on the subject of that country, and it became obvious that no agreement with Russia could be reached.

Ernie Bevin sent for me on December 23, and said that he had suggested to the Foreign Minister of France (Monsieur Bidault) that the time had come to begin the formation of a federation or union in Western Europe, and if possible to bring the Americans into it.

He added that Britain and France must first agree on the military strategy, and staff talks to that end should therefore take place. He had in mind to initiate staff talks with the Americans on a unilateral basis, but not until we had cleared our own minds and discussed the problem of Western European defence with the French.

Bevin approached General Marshall, Secretary of State in President Truman's administration, who warmly welcomed the idea of a political and economic union of Western European and Mediterranean countries. Encouraged by this, Mr. Bevin suggested that we should now begin private talks with the

HAIR—3

Grey hairs are the only object of respect that can never excite envy.

George Bancroft

Americans, with a view that they might eventually join a wider alliance. This was not agreed by the Americans. They were not prepared to face up to Congress at that time on the question of a military commitment to fight in Europe.

My view on all these matters was that, before we ourselves began talking with other people, we must first formulate our own ideas on the overall strategy of the United Kingdom in the event of war in Europe, leading to global war.

I said I would submit a paper containing my own views. It was dated January 30, 1948, and in it I said: "We must agree that, if attacked, the nations of the Western Union will hold the attack as far to the east as possible. We must make it very clear that Britain will play her full part in this strategy and will support the battle with the fullest possible weight of our land, air and naval power. Unless this basic point in our strategy is agreed, and is accepted wholeheartedly by Britain, the Western Union can have no hope of survival, and Britain would then be in the gravest danger."

I discussed the paper with my two colleagues. They disagreed, as I had expected. The Chief of the Air Staff and the First Sea Lord both lined up firmly against embarking on a land campaign in continental Europe. They argued that it was militarily and economically impossible to do this, and further that it was useless to discuss our own European strategy until we knew what the Americans would do.

I replied that in the past we had twice gone to war without knowing "what the Americans would do," and on both occasions they had finally followed our lead. Maybe they would do so again. In any case we must do our duty, whatever the Americans did. The meeting broke up in disorder! But not before I had forced a decision that my paper should go up to the Prime Minister.

The conference with him took place on Febuary 4, 1948. I said it would be mighty difficult to achieve an effective Western Union if we could not promise support on land in the event of war. The Prime Minister then weighed in strongly against a commitment to send our army to the Continent.

I replied that we already had an army there, the British Army of the Rhine. Did he propose we should withdraw it (through Dunkirk!) if the Russians attacked? Such action was unthinkable.

Support from Bevin

Attlee was then counter-attacked by Ernie Bevin, and curiously enough also by A. V. Alexander; each of whom supported me in his own way. It was finally agreed to consider the implications of the strategy I advocated, including the effect of the shape and size of our armed forces consequent on the adoption of such a strategy. At any rate I had routed the Pyrenean strategists!

Much planning activity then began and continued during March and April, 1948. I continued to "put over" my views to all and sundry and to build up belief in the Western Union. I was convinced of the essential need to fight a campaign in Western Europe, whether the emergency came in 1948, or ten or even twenty years later. The need was therefore to examine the method by which such a campaign could be fought.

At a conference with the Minister of Defence on May 10, 1948, I got agreement "on the essential need of fighting a campaign in Western Europe," with all that that decision entailed. This was a great triumph.

Many questions remained to be answered, e.g. Who would take command of the land armies in Europe?

Who would decide how the armies should be grouped with regard to the geographical features of the ground?

Who would decide where the left flank should rest, or the right flank, or where the line must be strong and where a chance can be taken?

Who would decide what strength must be held in reserve for counter-attack?

Who would weld the armies of the West into an effective fighting machine?

The answer to all these questions was the same—there was no one.

On June 1, 1948, I put these points to my colleagues but got little response. The First Sea Lord did not think the matter was very urgent and reckoned that possibly something analogous to the old C.O.S.S.A.C. organization might do the trick.

I asked how an international committee of staff officers sitting in London could be of the slightest use in solving the problems I had raised. In the end the matter was referred to the joint planners for investigation!

Blockade begins

Time went on and by June 23 we were still arguing the toss, the majority view inclining towards a planning authority in London similar to the old C.O.S.S.A.C. I gave my opinion on this point of view in no uncertain voice, saying that there must be a clear-cut and simple set-up for effective command and control of the forces of the Western Union, and that we must create the organization at once.

When the Russians began the blockade of West Berlin on June 24, 1948, the effect in London was immediate. On June 28 the chiefs of staff recommended to the government that the most effective way to convince both the Russians and the nations of Western Europe of our determination would be to appoint a Supreme Allied Commander for the forces of the Western Union.

But at a conference later that day the First Sea Lord insisted that the proposal to create a Supreme Allied Commander was merely a political gesture

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Montgomery

continued from previous page

in connection with the Berlin crisis—which, he said, already showed signs of easing. He again stood out for a form of C.O.S.S.A.C. The bonhomie was not very good when the conference ended!

However, after the meeting I got hold of the Chief of the Air Staff (Tedder). We had seen a lot of hard fighting together in the war, and he agreed with me that the establishment of a proper command organization had now become a serious and urgent matter.

Some further conferences took place and on July 9 the government agreed that we needed to establish: (a) a Western Union Defence Committee, composed of Ministers of Defence; (b) a Western Union Chiefs of Staff Committee; (c) a command organization; the actual form of the command authority to be decided later.

So yet another "Battle of Whitehall" had been won, but only after the direct intervention of the Russians in Berlin.

Firm lead needed

Moreover, there were still some "mopping-up" operations to be undertaken. On September 1, 1948, I told the other two chiefs of staff that there was an urgent need for some one man to give a firm lead in military matters to the continental nations of the Western Union. It was necessary to agree on what was needed, to get them to do something about it.

To my astonishment, Tedder, Chief of the Air Staff, raised difficulties. He thought all we needed was a Land C.-in-C. and an Air C.-in-C.; they would take all the action required, and the need for some one man to direct their activities was not established. However, on this occasion the First Sea Lord (Sir John Cunningham), who had in the past always opposed practically everything I had suggested, agreed with me on all counts; he weighed anchor and rammed Tedder—sinking him! It was Cunningham's last appearance, since he was to leave the Admiralty on retirement. I was grateful to him.

Events were now reaching a climax.

On September 20, 1948, I was summoned to see the Minister of Defence at 12.45 p.m. The hour was unusual and there was speculation in the War Office about the reason for the summons. Some thought I was to be ticked off for my behaviour at the meeting on September 10, at which I had referred to the parlous condition of the army. Others thought that the Minister had heard about my attempt to unseat him. But all prophets were confounded. Mr. Alexander offered me the appointment of Chairman of the Western Union Commanders-in-Chief Committee.

The next day the Minister met the chiefs of staff in committee. He told us that with the concurrence of the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Lord President of the Council, he intended to propose the appointment of a Chairman of the Western Union Commanders-in-Chief. He intended to nominate me for that appointment.

I replied that if it was the unanimous wish of the government, of my colleagues on the Chiefs of Staff Committee, and the other governments of the Western Union that I should take up the appointment, then I accepted—indeed I could not refuse.

I made, however, one stipulation. That was that I must remain a British officer and on the books of the War Office: I had been looked after by the War Office for forty years, and I was not prepared to have my personal affairs transferred to some international organization. This was agreed.

In subsequent discussion, the question was mentioned of a supreme commander if war broke out. I said that if this happened during my tenure of office of chairman, I would at once step down. In the event of another world war the Supreme Commander in Europe must be an American officer, and it would make things easier for me if it could be agreed that I would never be considered for the top post. This was agreed.

On September 27, 1948, my appointment was unanimously approved by the defence ministers of the five powers of the Western Union, meeting in Paris.

At last we had achieved that for which I had been fighting—a decision that in the event of war the British Army would fight on the Continent of Europe, and something concrete in the way of a command organization. But it had taken months of intense effort, and I then found myself given the task of organizing the details.

Infernal nuisance

I often think that A. V. Alexander "took his coat off" to ensure that I got the job. I must have been an awful nuisance to him during my time as C.I.G.S. Socially—off parade, as it were—we were very good friends. But in defence matters I just couldn't get on with him. It was probably my fault.

I have made it more than clear that by now there were plenty of people anxious to see the back of me. When I recall those days I often think that Whitehall was my least happy theatre of war. It did not provide "my sort of battle." I have never minded being an infernal nuisance if it produced the desired result. I don't know in this case whether it did—sufficiently.

It is true that I managed to force agreement on certain fundamental issues, but only after terrific battles. And as a result of it all I was pretty unpopular when I left Whitehall to become an international soldier.

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NEXT WEEK: How we can prevent a third world war

The man from the Moor

continued from page 6

about you on the radio. Can't you stay now you've come? It's been so long. . . ."

"I got you a present," said Gibb, taking out the thing he had bought at the stall. Then he looked at the length of the figure in the bed. "But I reckon I made a mistake. I. . . ."

He handed her the doll he had bought. "It's lovely," said Sally. "It's lovely."

"Think you can risk it here tonight?" asked Beat. "They won't expect you yet."

"I don't know. I'd like to, but. . . ."

There was a photo on a table by the bed. It was the old newspaper cutting framed: "Max and Maureen, Melody with a Smile." His wife. She hadn't changed much. And Max with that smile. He'd knock it off his face if he got the chance. Gibb slapped the photo over on its glass and stood up.

"I want a word with you, Beat."

He followed her into the kitchen and shut the door and stood with his back to it, looking at the old woman.

Beat said: "She's coming back, Les. I had a wire this morning. She should be here tomorrow."

"So she went off with him after all."

"What d'you mean, went off with him? Who told you that?"

"I got a letter."

"Who from?"

"It wasn't signed."

"Ah. . . ." The old woman wiped the back of her hand across her mouth. "Don't it make you sick—always somebody ready to make trouble."

"It isn't them who's made trouble," he said. "It's Maureen. I knew all these years she was dying to go back to her act—and him. Well, now she's gone—left Sally, left me. I suppose she couldn't do without a man."

"Les, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! She hasn't *left* you. She only left Sal temporary. You know how Max was always plaguing her to go back. Well, they got the offer of a three-week tour in Scotland. She thought she'd do it—earn a bit extra. She took her holiday and the Dock Board gave her another week. That's all."

"*All*! And three weeks with Max."

"Man, don't you know he's married? His wife's with them. You can't have fairer than that," said Beat.

Gibb looked round the room. The clock had stopped and the minute hand was broken.

"Why didn't she *write* me?"

"Les, you know what she's like. She says, 'I must write to Les,' and then she don't. She gets out paper—often I've seen her—and she writes three lines and then she sits biting the end of her pen. There she sits, and she says, 'I can't think what to say.' You ought to know what she's like by now."

Gibb rubbed his nose for a change. "Maybe yes and maybe no. But it sounds different in that place and she *ought* to've written."

"Yes, of course, she ought, but. . . ."

There was a knock on the door. Gibb's attitude, which had been slowly easing, tensed up again. He jerked his thumb at the old woman and slid quickly into the other bedroom which was in darkness. Beat went to the door.

A plain-clothes man with two policemen behind him. "Good evening, Miss Royal, we've come for Leslie Gibb. I have a search warrant here, and all ways out of the house are guarded."

"Why, I don't know what you're talking about! *Reelly*. . . ."

Protesting, Beat was pushed aside and the men came in. In a few seconds they were in both rooms. Gibb stood by the open window of one, looking down at the policemen in the area below.

"Well, Gibb. . . ."

"Looks like a fair cop, don't it?"

"'Fraid so. I hope you're going to come quietly."

"I'll come quietly on one condition."

"What's that?"

"Give me half an hour with the nipper. It's a long way to come—just for nothing at all."

The plain-clothes man hesitated. "You're a slippery customer."

"Not all that slippery."

"I'll have to sit beside you."

"Okay. It's a deal."

Watched carefully, Gibb went past them and was followed closely into the next room. Just inside he stopped.

"Well, look at that."

Sally was asleep. The radio still going, she lay with her bandaged head half off the pillow and with her new doll clutched in one hand.

"Looks as if you won't need your half-hour," said the plain-clothes man.

"Now have a heart. Think I don't get pleasure just looking at her like that?"

"Okay. If you feel that way."

The two other policemen went back into the kitchen and the plain-clothes man sat on a chair near the window while Gibb stood by the bed for a bit. Then he pressed up the pillow cautiously so that she was lying straight. He held her plait in his fingers for a minute or so. "Hair like her mother's," he said. "Not a bit like mine."

The plain-clothes man offered him a cigarette; Gibb nodded his thanks and accepted a light. "You got kids?"

"Yes, two."

Gibb sat on the chair and looked at his daughter. Time passed. The music on the radio faded and the midnight news summary began.

At that moment there were voices outside in the kitchen and hurried footsteps and the door was flung open by a dark woman of about thirty. Her glance seemed to take in everything in an instant.

Gibb got up.

"Well, Maureen."

"Les! I didn't expect. . . . I've been in the train all day." She came up to the bed. "Is she all right?"

"Seems like it."

"Oh, what a fright! Thank God!" She looked at her daughter carefully for a few moments as if making sure no one was deceiving her. "It's—she's just asleep?"

"Yes."

She turned to Gibb. "Les, you *shouldn't* have done this. It'll mean. . . ."

"Maybe."

They hesitated and then he kissed her.

The radio voice said: "Search is continuing for Leslie Gibb who escaped from Dartmoor at five p.m. yesterday. Gibb, an ex-paratrooper wounded at Arnhem, is serving three years for robbery with violence. . . ." THE END

© *Winston Graham, 1959*

HAIR—4

Long hair makes good-looking men more handsome and ill-favoured ones more ugly.

Plutarch

NEXT WEEK

A business affair

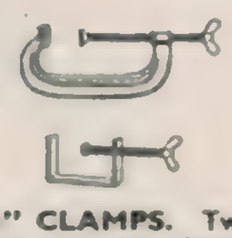
Witty, romantic . . . by **CLIVE BURNLEY**

KEEP THIS

Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right tools and materials for your jobs around the house

Handyman Guide 17

CLAMPS AND CRAMPS

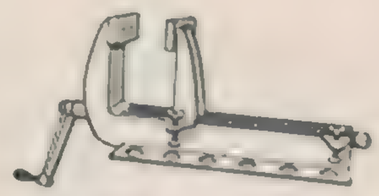


"G" CLAMPS. Two kinds are made: larger forged steel clamp, and small strip steel clamp. Used for holding joints while glue sets, or large pieces of wood to the bench for planing, etc.

"LUST" SCREW CLAMP. This quick action hand screw clamp serves a similar purpose to the "G" clamp, but the sliding arm makes it useful on a much wider variety of jobs.

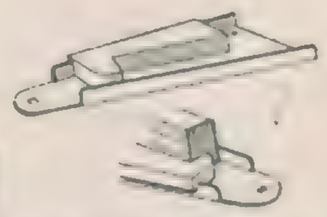
HAND SCREW. Made with wooden arms. The two adjusting screws, that enable the arms to be used at an angle, make this a very versatile clamp. Usually made of beech.

"RIGID" CLAMP. Screwed to the top of a bench, this clamp serves the purpose of vice, and fixed sash clamp. Screwed under a bench it is a normal carpenter's vice. Loose, the clamp can be used as a double sash clamp.

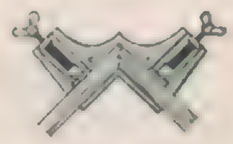


"HOBBYFIX" multi purpose unit. The basic vice (illustrated) with attachments, serves the purpose of vice, cramp, clamp, bench stop and drill. It can be easily carried and attached to a table top, bench or shelf.

CRAMP HEADS and **TEE BAR CRAMP.** Cramp heads can be made into any length cramp with a 1-in. board. Tee bar cramp, similar to sash cramp, for large constructions.



"SONNETTE" adjustable bench stop and vice. Held to the bench with three screws. The piece of wood is pushed hard against the sliding half of the stop, which grips it firmly.



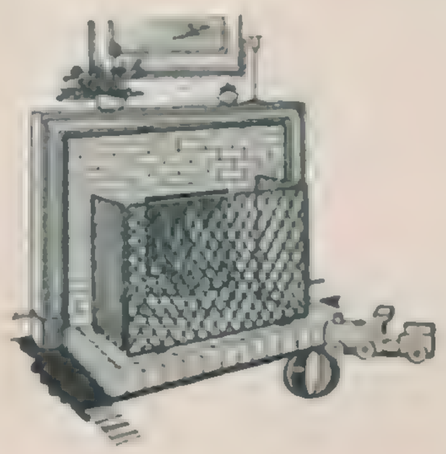
MITRE CRAMP. This cramp is used to hold the two pieces of a mitre joint together whilst they are being fixed and glue dries. A type is made with a saw guide for cutting mitres.

Further details from: Arger (*Mochinery*) Limited, Craven House, 121 Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (*Lust screw clamp*). The Folding Structure Co., 5 & 6 Industrial Buildings, Linthouse Lane, Wednesfield, Staffs (*Rigid clamp*). Hobbyfix, 2 Vine Street, Minories, London, E.C.3. C. O. Tilney Ltd., 9—11 Holywell Hill, St. Albans, Herts (*Sonnette*).

It's an idea

NO-SCRATCH FEET FOR A FIREGUARD

Mr. P. J. Hillyard, of 6 Muscott Street, Northampton, wins this week's guinea prize for a simple idea for preventing the rough wire edges of a nursery fireguard from damaging the glazed tiles of the hearth. He uses ordinary rubber doorstops, cut half way through and clipped over the bottom frame of the guard to provide rubber feet. These raise the guard off the hearth. The cut is neatly sealed with rubber solution and the bottom of the stop is trimmed flat.



Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published

Cone of silence

continued from page 10

her eyes travelled quickly over his face, a faint threat of irritation just creasing her brows.

"You certainly make it difficult to," he said.

They walked slowly as far as Ranjibad railway station, and then crossed over the bridge, towards the bazaar.

"Hugh?" Her hand slid down over his wrist, her long fingers gently, wheedlingly, inserted themselves under his. "Don't you like me any more?"

Dallas said unemotionally: "Of course I still like you." He was aware that he had not paid her much attention this trip so far.

JOYCE lowered her eyes, murmuring in a savage mockery, just loud enough for him to hear: "Of course I still like you!" A group of men standing in the shadow of a fruit tree stared at her, admiring. Slightly mollified, she broke the vow of absolute silence she had just made to herself. "Just where are we going, Hugh? If I'm allowed to ask, that is?"

"Shopping." He gave her a small smile. "And you are allowed."

"Shopping for what, Hugh?" She let her eyes fall on baskets, bags, golden bracelets, jewelled rings.

"I thought I'd get silk. A dress length makes quite a nice present, don't you think?"

"A nice present for *who*, Hugh?"

"My sister."

"Your *sister*, Hugh? I didn't know you'd *got* a sister."

"Well, I have. And it's her birthday next week."

"*Lucky* sister!"

He took no notice of the tone of her voice. He said: "Let's get it, and then find a place to eat, and maybe dance. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Love it, Hugh!" She leaned nearer.

"Here. This looks all right." He was pointing a little higher up the road to where an Arab was already beckoning. "Let's try it, anyway."

Inside the shop it was cool and dark. The still, stale air was full of the dry oatmeal smell of bales of cloth, and the sweetish, spicy perfume that clung to the velvet slippers and handbags.

Dallas said to the Arab: "You have silk? Blue silk?"

There were nods and smiles and handwashings. Joyce giggled softly, wandering around, humming under her breath. She picked up a long piece of thin, black nylon and held it against herself. "Hugh, how do I look?"

Dallas stared. "Joyce, come over here. You're meant to help."

She came slowly back, putting up her face to him as she passed, bunching her mouth into half a pout, half a kiss. "Brute!" she whispered. Then, fingering the material: "Awful!" she told the Arab imperiously. "Take it away."

Another piece was produced. "This vairy . . . vairy good . . . ten rupee."

Joyce yawned. At length she settled for a bolt of nine-rupee stuff. The Arab looked surprised and then gratified. Dallas had a momentary suspicion that it was the least becoming of all the fabrics they'd been shown. But Joyce was the expert. . . .

WHILE they waited for the silk to be cut and wrapped they wandered round the shop. Joyce was trying her foot in a jewelled slipper when Dallas noticed, almost hidden under a pile of junk, a gold filigree Phoenix on a lady's brooch.

"What have you got there?" Joyce said and, when he didn't answer, watched him as he sauntered over to the Arab. When he came back to her she said nothing and her fear of him suddenly touched him. Mindful of his earlier unkindness, on an impulse he said: "Here, give me your hand." And when she held it out, frowning a little, he spread it out flat and dropped the brooch into the centre of her palm and closed her fingers over it. "There," he said. "It's for you."

Pleasure flooded her face. "How sweet you are!" She leaned forward and gave him a little breathless kiss on his cheek.

Dallas said gently: "D'you see what it is? A Phoenix."

"But of course! How clever of you to find it, Hugh." She began to pin it on her dress, just below the V of the neckline. "You couldn't have chosen anything I'd value more."

Obsequiously, they were bowed out of the shop. Conscious now that he had been kind, Dallas felt a sudden surge of warmth towards the girl. And, sensing it, she wriggled herself a little closer to him.

"Now let's have a beer," he said. "I know a club we can go to. . . ."

The evening started all right. They had two drinks at the club and then went on to another club Joyce knew of to dance. Joyce put a proprietory hand on his arm as they followed the Sikh waiter down the palm grove, out on to the patio to a small secluded table.

"There, Hugh! Like it?" She eased her chair around beside him to get a better view of the tiny square floor, and rested her hand on his knee. "You know, oddly enough we sat quite near here when I came with Clive Judd." She watched his reaction with almost clinical thoroughness.

In spite of himself Dallas frowned. Joyce smiled.

"It was really business," she said. "Clive said: 'The President of Asian Airways and his wife are here tonight. We are going to entertain them.' " She shrugged. "Judd talked about the Phoenix the whole evening."

Judd, Phoenix, Gort, Robinson—inextricably, like a suffocating web, the names wove themseves around Dallas's mind. Ever since that first crash a part of his mind had been on it, waking or sleeping. As though something inside him had been detailed to remember it. And sometimes, like tonight, suddenly coming out and taking charge of his brain.

THE inquiry, he thought, had left too many things unsolved. Pilot error—sure. But why had Gort done it? Might he conceivably do it again? Might someone else do it?

He stood up and said brusquely: "Come on, Joyce. Let's dance."

It was a quickstep—brisk and bright. "Now I *know* you're jealous," she said.

"I haven't any feelings of any sort about Judd," Dallas said coldly. He was annoyed that she was pestering him towards awareness of her, annoyed that she was succeeding.

The place was crowded with English, Dutch, Americans, Pakistanis, Anglo-Indians, but the women were few and pale. Joyce's fresh English prettiness seemed to attract glances from all over the room, but, except for an extra flush on her cheeks and an odd way of tossing back her hair behind her shoulders, she seemed unaware of it.

Once, a young Anglo-Indian came over and asked her to dance. She glanced from him to Dallas with an oddly provocative glance, as if to say, "I'd love to, but he'd *kill* me."

"There," she said, when he'd gone away disappointed, "the nerve of it! At least, you can't be jealous of *him*!"

"Oh, for God's sake, Joyce," Dallas said with sudden sharpness. "You can do what you want with whom you want. I'm not jealous of anyone."

She stared at him for a long time. Then she lowered her head and touched her Phoenix brooch. Her fingers very slightly trembled.

He fought down an impulse to say he was sorry. He hadn't done anything to be sorry about.

At last Joyce said: "Hugh . . . can I ask you something?"

"Of course. Go ahead."

"Is there . . . is there——" She gulped. *"Anyone else?"*

"Oh, Joyce, for God's sake, what d'you mean?"

"You've been so different on this trip. Nice and not nice. Warm and then cold. I don't like it, Hugh."

"Sometimes I like to *think*. Surprising, eh?"

"I have an odd hunch," she went on, as though he hadn't spoken. "Oh, I know girls you've been out with. And I know it hasn't meant much. But the other night"—she spoke dreamily—"at the theatre. *That* girl."

Surprised, Dallas said: "You mean the Gort girl?"

"She smiled at you in the foyer. And there was something in the way you *looked* at her."

"Really, Joyce, you get the most incredible ideas into your head!"

"You mean, you haven't taken her out?"

"Of course I haven't! I hardly know her. I've only met her once."

The blue eyes were watching his face carefully. "Oh." Suddenly, as though her mind was now at rest on the whole subject, she smiled. "Darling," she said, "it's been glorious fun . . . but let's go back, eh? It's hot . . . and I don't want to dance any more."

The hallway of the hotel, when they returned, was quiet and deserted. She took his hand up the wide stairway. She said in a low voice: "Going upstairs like this always makes me feel faintly improper."

"Does it?"

"Aren't you glad?" They reached the door of her room. "Come on in." She gave him a sudden scornful look as he hesitated. "Just for a drink. . . ." And then, eyebrows raised, half smiling: "Really, darling, one would think you'd never. . . ."

"Let's skip it, shall we?" Dallas said.

He turned away, but she caught hold of his arm. "Don't you want me any more? *Don't you?*"

Now her face was contorted with real anger. He saw the indigo-blue eyes go small, the lips forget to pout and become a thin, dry line.

He said with a sudden quiet pity: "No, Joyce."

As he walked off along the corridor he heard her slam the door of her room, and then open it and slam it again.

LAST light—the sweetest time of the day to fly, the hardest time of the day to land. There was no wind. Braddock, the young Australian pilot, turned the Phoenix on to the final approach and descended towards the five muzzy green blobs that marked the threshold of the runway.

"Eight thousand revs per minute!"

Dallas, sitting beside the Australian, obediently eased the throttles back for him, heard the hum of the jets go lower. This man was all right. Only on his third training trip, he already knew what he was doing.

The training captain's mind was only half on the approach, as the Phoenix slipped slowly lower: the other half was occupied for the moment with remembering his own landings on the trip round the route, from which he had returned only three days ago.

"Seven thousand revs per minute!"

Operationally, it had been a success. He did not very often go on the route, and he had enjoyed himself. Miss Joyce Mitchell's cool behaviour after the incident at Ranjibad had not disturbed him.

He had already some experience of withdrawing from female friendships, and hoity-toitiness on the girl's part he had always found made it easier.

"Six thousand revs per minute!"

BRADDOCK was slowing the Phoenix up now. He called for flap. He flared out, just over the hedge. The jets hushed. The tyres brushed the runway.

"Not bad," Dallas said abruptly. "You're getting the idea."

They taxied to the ramp. Normally speaking, after the engines had been shut down, he would have had a word or two, maybe a cigarette, with the Australian. But he felt tired tonight. As soon as he'd signed the book, he said good night, and walked off by himself to the main building, up the stairs to the second floor.

He was surprised to find Judd waiting in his office. "Hello, Clive," he said. "When did you get back?"

"Yesterday. Bateson brought me. Nice pilot, Bateson."

Dallas began filling in the details of his training flight in the book. Judd lit a cigarette. He said: "Had to see Pickering—so while I was here thought I'd drop in for a chat."

Dallas said politely: "Glad you did."

"Pickering's a bit upset."

"Yes—I know."

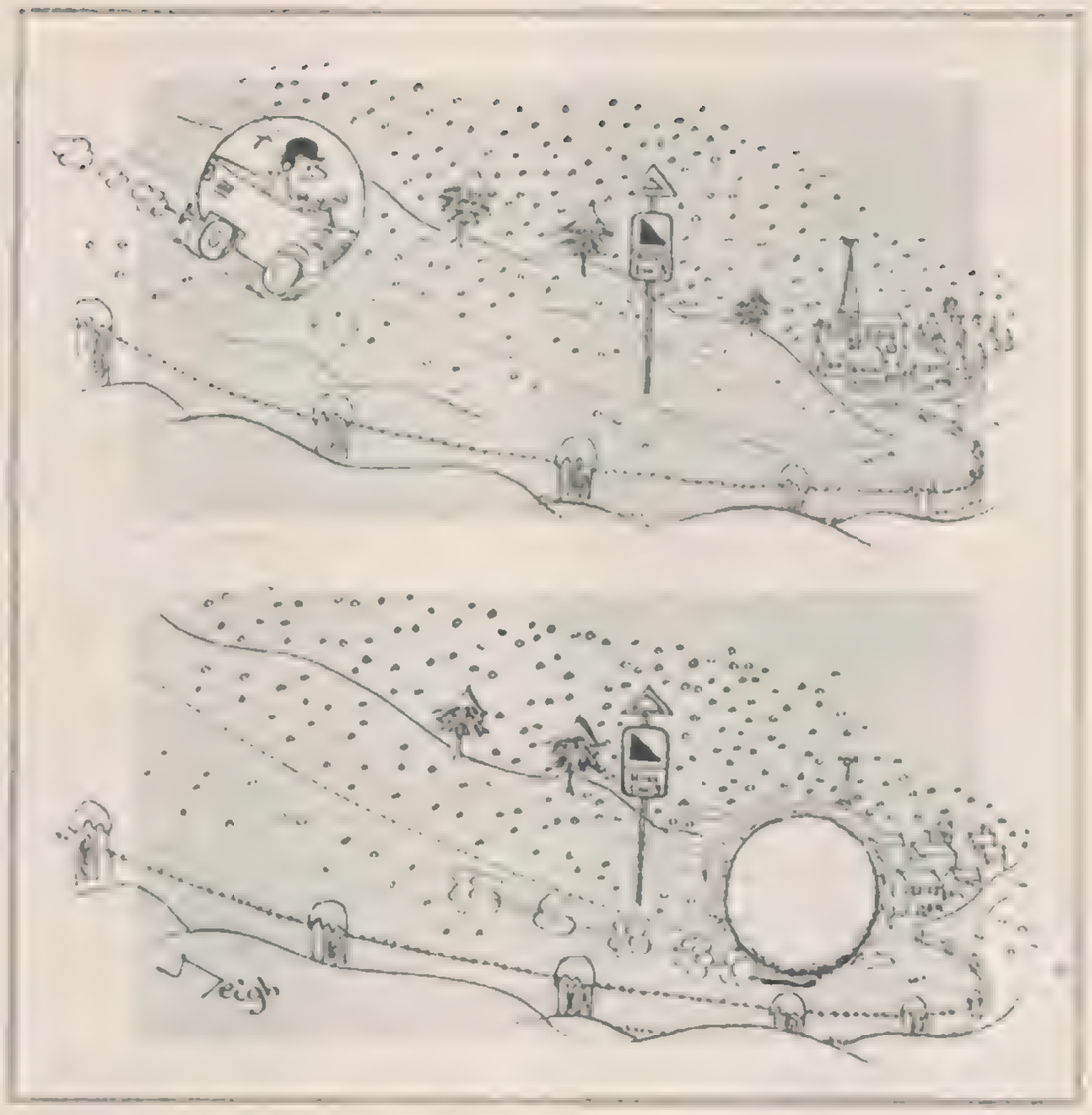
"He thinks a mistake—a terrible mistake—has been made."

"Does he?"

There was a pause. Then Judd said: "And so do I."

Dallas said nothing. With deliberate slowness he went on finishing his report on the day's training. He had expected Judd to object to Gort going back on the route.

There had already been some clashes between them, but only mild ones. The competence of the pilots Dallas had passed on to the route had never before



been questioned. Sensing the imminence of a rather less mild clash than usual, Dallas bided his time.

"You realize what I'm driving at, Hugh?"

"Yes," Dallas said. "I know what you're driving at. Gort."

"He's back on the Phoenix Route."

Dallas nodded. "Done one trip, too. Nothing went wrong. What are you worried about?"

"The route's my pigeon."

"And making sure the route gets competent pilots is *my* pigeon."

"And it was Manningham's pigeon as superintendent to get rid of Gort on to another fleet without any fuss."

"I don't agree," Dallas said slowly. "He rang up the operations director. He was told the board knew they could rely on him to do 'the wise thing.' "

"Quite! That's what he's paid for!"

"If the board wanted to get rid of Gort, why didn't they do it themselves?"

"You know as well as I do, Hugh, the president likes to leave things to the fleets as much as possible." Moving away from the desk, Judd put his hands in his pockets and walked over to the window. "After all, the board did their share of disciplining Gort. It was up to Manningham to do *his* share." He crossed to the blackboard on which was chalked the names of the twelve Phoenix captains in white, and in red the due date for their next 180-day check. "I suppose you didn't realize what you were letting yourself in for. Gort"—he put his finger on the name—"February the tenth! He's loose for another five months!"

Dallas said: "Look, Judd, that's my business."

"Only trying to help. And what I'd suggest——" Judd had come back to the desk again. "You can't check *everything* in a two-hour period."

"I don't try."

"An emergency descent after an explosive decompression—did you check Gort on that?"

"No."

"Well then—*easy*! Say you forgot it. Take him up again."

"And when he does it all right?"

"That's just it." Judd smiled. "You can either say he's come down too fast and he'd have broken up in turbulence. Or he's come down too slowly and all his passengers would have been asphyxiated."

Dallas slowly put down the papers in his hand. "Deliberately fail someone? Is that what you mean? Is it?"

"Sometimes, these things have to be done," Judd said, colouring a little. "Sometimes *someone* has to go for the good of the rest."

It was stalemate. Judd walked back to the window and began to whistle. Behind him, Dallas bent over a file. Then, imperceptibly, the atmosphere quieted, like dust settling in a room.

Neither of them said anything till Judd, as though suddenly he'd made up his mind, came over to the desk and in quite a different tone of voice said: "Well—that's that! I've said my say. All right?" He smiled disarmingly.

Dallas looked up, half smiled in return, and nodded.

"You seem busy." Judd got out a cigarette and lit it. He glanced at his watch. "Late, by god! I better be getting mobile. Don't overwork, now, Hugh." He grinned boyishly. "They won't pay you any more. Good night."

"Good night."

Judd had his long white fingers on the door handle when he stopped and turned. "Oh, by the way, Hugh," he said, "I've had an idea. You know other companies have route inspectors?"

"I'd heard they had—yes."

"That's what we're going to have. See the boys are flying according to the book. I mean, pilots like—well, Gort—might do all right on a training trip, but down the route——"

Dallas said coldly: "Until I've got another instructor, I haven't the time."

The door made a slight scraping noise against the linoleum as it opened.

"Wouldn't dream of bothering you, Hugh," Judd said. "Wouldn't dream of bothering anybody. I shall do the route checking—myself."

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NEXT WEEK: Fear lurks in the clouds

No—we still haven't got a real Health Service

continued from page 7

an infringement of "the liberty of the subject."

As the proportion of people living on into old age rises, the dangers of a medical service which concentrates on treating disease rather than on promoting good health multiply.

For studies since the war have shown that the elderly frequently die not so much from disease as from boredom. Though in a good many occupations, declining physical strength may compel retirement, the mind remains as active as ever. The need for useful occupation—and the feeling of independence it brings—is acute.

Vigil for the old

Here and there a socially-minded firm has specially planned to provide work which its pensioners or other old people can tackle at their own pace. Here and there a local authority has made imaginative and humane provision. In Worcester, where voluntary and civic welfare services have been co-ordinated, postmen and policemen are asked to keep an eye open for lonely old people so that something can be done for them *before* they withdraw, in despair, from living.

With the disappearance of the once deadly fevers and epidemics the so-called "stress disorders" bulk larger and larger. The business man's "ulcer" has long been a joke. It is no joke in fact. An investigation of two hundred cases of peptic ulcer taken at random revealed that eighty-four per cent of them occurred when the patient was under emotional strain—whether financial, occupational or domestic.

Eleven years ago a survey of 30,000 workers employed in thirteen engineering factories showed that between a quarter and a third of all absences from work were due to neuroses.

Obviously, stress—like bacteria—is inseparable from life. But just as harmful bacteria can be prevented from getting the upper hand, so under the conditions of mid-century living social stresses can be prevented from accumulating till human breaking-point is reached.

But this, beyond the scope of the conventional town medical officer of health, is—so far—generally nobody's business.

If a factory runs a dangerous, unshielded machine, H.M. factory inspectors descend on the manager and put him in court. If it has a damp and dreary canteen, an oppressive atmosphere, a too-fast—or too-slow—working pace, bad methods of handling its workers, a bullying foreman, such things—although they may work far more physical mischief than the dangerous machine—largely escape observation.

In the pilot survey of Halifax's 760 factories, set on foot by the Industrial Health Advisory Committee, the investigators reported that—merely as far as physical conditions were concerned—only 108 could be considered "good," while 199, or twenty-five per cent, were "unsatisfactory." Yet in all these factories there were only four part-time factory medical officers, working no more than fifteen hours a week in industry between them. Of the 388 factory inspectors covering more than a quarter of a million factories, only fourteen are doctors.

Yet, with a waiting-room full of patients, the ordinary G.P. clearly has neither time nor opportunity to track down the possibly entirely unnecessary frictions in a patient's working life which may well be the true cause of his repeated illnesses. Instead he scribbles a soothing prescription—and in due course another chronic sufferer is born to swell the N.H.S. bill.

But though so largely ignored, there are once again no lack of pointers to sources of stress and strain. Just why is it, for instance, that engineers, surveyors, doctors and chemists, draughtsmen and teachers show high rates of admission to mental hospitals—while building foremen, top civil servants, motormen and signalmen remain largely free from mental troubles?

"Incidentally, sir, I know it's none of my business, but don't you think you're asking for trouble walking around like that at this time of the year?"

Giving these figures in his survey of mental sickness, the Registrar-General reasonably comments: "Detailed studies are required taking in the workers' whole environment."

They are indeed! Every year 20,000 more join the million or so people who travel into central London to work each day—jam-packed in tubes and trains, often for an hour or more at the start and end of each day's work. Often enough the time in between is spent in dark City offices under conditions of overcrowding and inadequate air space which, if they occurred in factories, would bring the law down on the employers' heads. But office workers do not even have the highly defective protection of the Factory Acts.

As London's traffic fumes to a standstill, occasionally some individual concern breaks away from the current fatalism, and takes preventive action.

New towns needed

But today two-fifths of the population of England and Wales are piled in six—not one—gigantic conurbations. Many more "new towns" are needed to take off their overspill.

Yet it is not *that* simple. In recent years doctors have become increasingly aware of a complaint, or a whole series of complaints, which they have labelled for convenience "new-estate neurosis."

Four years ago Professor John Brotherston and a team from the London School of Hygiene concluded a medical survey of the L.C.C.'s housing estate at Oxhey, near Watford, the new "country home" for the overspill of Fulham, Paddington, and North Kensington. They found anxiety neuroses and depression twice the expected rate.

Each family's "keeping-itself-to-itself" in approved style of the suburb had, Professor Brotherston observed, generated a degree of social isolation inconsistent with good mental health. In the "new towns," by contrast, careful planning, the provision of community centres pubs, clubs and much social organization has often triumphantly circumvented these perils.

Still very hesitantly, we are perhaps today just beginning to grope towards a new mid-century realization of the old saw that "prevention is better (and cheaper) than cure." Belatedly, the London County Council is restricting office building in central London and has set up a department to help firms migrate to the country. Pioneer industrial health services are working out new patterns at Slough, Harlow and Newcastle—and in 1951 the Dale Committee recommended that a comprehensive occupational health service should eventually be established. Here and there local authorities have set up progressive mental health services.

But such developments tend to be patchy, underpowered and uncoordinated. There is a lack of urgency and drive—and much urgency and drive are clearly needed.

For in recent years preventive medicine—now enlarged into social medicine—has become, in the words of Sir John Charles, Chief Medical Officer of the Health Ministry, "the Cinderella of the Health Services." Of the National Health Service bill sixty-two per cent goes to hospitals, twenty-one per cent on G.P.s and drugs, ten per cent on teeth and spectacles—and a mere one per cent on the services of the local authorities who undertake most of the work of prevention.

Although mental illness takes up forty per cent of our hospital beds—quite apart from the immense amount of "normal" illness now known to have psychological roots—only two per cent of the funds spent on medical research go to mental health research.

Fifty years ago, the medical officer of health, demolisher of slums, rebuilder of towns, was a heroic figure—triumphant in the epic battle against the terrible killing epidemics. He succeeded too well. Today the empty fever hospitals are at once his monument and his mausoleum. His successor, underpaid, little esteemed, reduced—in the imagination at least—to mere bureaucratic status, has almost been pushed out of the picture.

Yet the victories to be won in the social field are probably hardly less great than in the sanitary field in the past. Only the enemy is different—and the necessary tactics.

War on disease

In 1854 a Dr. John Snow halted a raging cholera epidemic in Soho by—in the face of much abuse—taking the handle off the Broad Street pump. It is a classic incident in the dramatic story of the battle for public health. But today as the stresses and strains are complex and multiple so must be the action required to deal with them.

It demands the co-ordinated efforts of a large team—public health doctors, industrial doctors, general practitioners, research men, social workers, educationists, town planners. . . . How best to organize such teams and translate their findings into social action with the necessary drive is a difficult technical problem that needs to be urgently tackled.

But first would have to come a change of emphasis and a new philosophy—a National Health Service dedicated—as Iain Macleod suggested in 1953—not to disease but to health. One other small thing might be needed, too: a rebirth of a community spirit. For, ultimately, the preventive team might have to be very large. It might need to include all of us.

THE END

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

THERE is a bus stop outside my house, and I have read in the local newspaper that the corporation intends to erect a shelter there. It will ruin my view. Can I object?—A. B., Lancashire.

● Unless there is a specific agreement, you have no right to a view, and unless the erection of the bus shelter will actually be the cause of a nuisance, you have no legal remedy in the matter.

EXTRA CHARGE

I ORDERED Coalite from my dealer at the summer price of 11s. 3d. a hundredweight, and a bill was made out at this price. When it was delivered a few months later, the price had been altered on the original bill to 12s. 3d. a hundredweight. When I queried it, I was told that prices charged were those in force at the time of delivery. Are they in order in doing this?—Mrs. B. H., Wealdstone, Middlesex.

● Since coal price control was removed on July 14, the coal merchant was at liberty to charge you at the rate ruling at the time of delivery, unless there was a definite agreement to the contrary at the time the order was made.

WANDERING DOG

MY young dog has a habit of jumping over the wall into my neighbour's garden. I'm trying to train him not to, but it's taking time. In the meantime, my neighbours are being unpleasant about it, and have suggested that the dog should be destroyed. Can they do anything legally?—F. C., Gloucestershire.

● There is no law preventing anyone from allowing a dog to roam, unless it is known to be dangerous. You should take all reasonable steps to prevent the dog becoming a nuisance. If he should frighten the neighbours (say by jumping up at them) they may regard him as dangerous and could take legal action to compel you to keep him under proper control.

DON'T USE IT

YOU showed, in "John Bull," how a fireplace could be modernized. I have tried at a number of builders' merchants' shops, and have been unable to obtain the fluted asbestos suggested. Would reeded hardboard stand up to the heat of a convector fire?—C. M., Welling, Kent.

● Reeded hardboard will not stand up to the heat of a fire. Broad and Co., Ltd., 4 South Wharf, London, W.2, will supply fluted asbestos sheeting of the type described, and will deliver anywhere.

SEVERAL COATS

ENAMEL under one of the taps in my bath has been eaten away because the tap has been allowed to drip. How can I best re-enamel the affected part?—W. G., Swansea.

● There are two ways. The most effective is to put on a succession of layers of Valspar. This takes a little time as each coat must be allowed to dry before the next is applied. You could also use bath enamel, which is made by most paint firms. Two coats of this would be sufficient.

REMOVING MARKS

HOW can I remove from a polished table white marks caused by heat and damp?—Mrs. I. W., Nuneaton.

● Sometimes they can be removed by rubbing lightly with methylated spirits, and then polishing. If this method fails, remove the polished surface, lightly sand the wood until the mark vanishes, and then repolish.

SLATE TROUBLE

THERE is fungus on the asbestos slates on my roof, which makes them most unsightly. I'm told that to clean them with a wire brush would make them porous. Is it possible to clean them?—J. G., Belfast.

● The tiles have probably reached the end of their useful life. You should really have a new roof covering fixed. However, you could scrape the fungus off with an ordinary hard scrubbing brush and then apply two coats of bituminous emulsion.

POLICE POWERS

MY brother was standing watching an auction sale, when two detectives approached, told him he was acting suspiciously, took him to the police station and searched him. He was charged with "loitering with intent to commit a felony." In court the case was dismissed as unfounded. Can the police do this sort of thing?—R. S., London.

● The police have the power to arrest if they have a reasonable suspicion that an offence is about to be committed. Unless it can be shown that the detectives acted with malice, your brother can do nothing.

CLAY FOOTMARKS

HOW can I remove the marks of clay which have been "walked into" my asphalt path?—H. V., Bradford.

● They're almost impossible to remove. The best thing would be to use a product called Durive, supplied by the Kent Macadam Co., Ltd., of New Dover Road, Canterbury. It is a non-liquid, bituminous compound treated with an oil flux, and a half-inch layer laid over the present path would give it an entirely new surface at little cost. Durive is clean, hardwearing, and no special skill is needed to lay it.

VERY HARD WORK

BEFORE painting my bedroom ceiling recently, I had to remove several coats of distemper. It was a most laborious business, and since I am now proposing to do a lot more decorating, I'd like to know if there is an easier way. Is there any way of sealing off, or otherwise preparing the ceiling before painting?—F. C., Portsmouth.

● The only efficient way to prepare a distempered surface is to wash it down with water until all traces of distemper have been removed. Use a four-inch distemper brush for this. You could get the worst of it off with a broad-knife first.

A MATTER OF PRIDE

ARE car owners really supposed to keep up GB plates when they're driving in this country?—R. G., Bexhill.

● Strictly speaking, international licence plates should not be used in the country of origin, but there is no legal requirement to have them removed on return from abroad.

DO I PAY TAX

MY wife and I have recently received a legacy of £100 each. Do we have to pay income tax on the money?—F. C., Birmingham.

● There is no income tax liability in respect of the capital sum, but if it is invested and produces income, that will be liable to tax.

FAMILY HOLIDAY

MY boy friend and I would like to go to Italy on holiday this year. Rather than stay in an hotel, we would like to live with a family in or somewhere near Rome. How could I make arrangements for a holiday like this?—S. B., Darlington, Durham.

● The En Famille Agency, Ltd., 1 New Burlington Street, London, W.1, specializes in arrangements for this sort of holiday.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Silent sink.** The Silent Supanilan sink is a new, low-priced sink drainer and bowl, which would be a credit to any kitchen. It is completely heat-resistant, cannot crack or chip, and crockery dropped into it will not break. There is none of the usual washing-up clatter, and water in the sink retains its heat longer than normally. The Silent Supanilan sink measures 3 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 9¼ in., in white or cream, and fitted with a wooden underframe. The price without taps is £11 19s. 9d.

● **Non-slip tip.** To prevent toddlers slipping and falling on highly polished floors, stick a couple of short strips of adhesive tape to the sole of each shoe. (Mr. D. King, London, N.10.)

● **Do-it-yourself centre.** Perhaps the biggest in the country, Derek Clayton's Do-it-yourself Centre is certainly one of the most comprehensive and includes a mail order service. No. 9 to 13 Bridge Street, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, is filled with materials and tools to make the home handyman's life a pleasure. The centre will also lend ladders, buckets, etc., to local home decorators who buy their paint from it, or choose wallpaper in the wallpaper bar.

● **Easy identification.** Before you wallpaper a room, remove all shelves and brackets on the wall and plug screwholes lightly with plastic wood. Stick short steel pins into the plastic wood. The pins will easily go through the new damp paper without damaging it, and when the paper is dry, they will mark clearly where the screws should go back. (Mr. A. D. Browning, Ramsgate.)

● **Restrictive practice.** So many people have written as a result of my article on convector fires asking how to make existing grates more efficient by restricting their throats. The answer to this problem is a two-part throat restrictor made by Bowens (Refractories), Ltd., Firebrick Manufacturers, Stourbridge, Worcestershire. Called the "Otty," it consists of a fireback hood, coupled with an outlet which predetermines the throat aperture of 4 in. to the flue. The outlet fits to any pattern of the "Otty" hood.

● **Safety tablecloth.** A tablecloth which dangles down at the sides is a sure invitation to a child to pull off. Cut off the edges so that they hang down about two inches only, make a narrow hem and thread elastic through it. The tablecloth will then fit snugly on to the table. (Miss Fenna, Preston.)

● **Extra room.** Once the problem of getting into the loft is solved, it can make a most useful extra room for a workshop, playroom, even a spare bedroom, if you put in a good window. Denison loft ladders have brought out a new range of noiseless ladders which are light, simple to operate, and easily installed. Fitted with nylon runners, and made of aluminium alloy, to combine strength with lightness, they are available in four stock sizes, from 9 ft. to 11 ft. 3 in., at prices from £20 15s. to £23 15s. Obtainable from Henry L. Cockle Ltd., The Truck and Ladder Centre, 9 Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving, money-saving household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

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First get the feel of Bullets by enjoying the words chosen by those winners alongside. Then choose any starting-point you fancy from the list of Examples below—and add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Whether you enter one or more efforts, you must post your coupon by Monday, February 2.

Champagne For Britannia	What's Missing
The Old-fashioned Way	Shook The Heavens
Goalie Macmillan	Paying Cash
Challenge To Science	He's A Killjoy, So
Life's Music	Not Nice To Know
Coal v. Oil	Shivering
Peace In Cyprus	In Mother's Workshop
Whitehall Wizard	For The Wicked
To The Doctor	Swaggering Along
It May Seem Hard, But	Moth Round The Flame

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

.....In The Kremlin	Cruel .....
That Deserted	The Producer Of.....
Too Close To The.....	Take A Tip From.....And

Follow these Winners

Bullets No. 2,172 Result:
£300 (or £750 if Tournament winner):
J. J. Shaw, 19 Grange Road, Bessacarr, Doncaster:
Kind Words—"Salve"—On *Your* Lips?

£25 C. Brown, 162 Chester Road, Northwich: **Wonderful Collection—Whip-round—*And* My Workmates.**

£10 A. Lord, 62 Saughall Road, Blacon, Chester: **Sonny's Collection—Of "Collections," *Dustman's* Collecting!**

£9 J. Kavanagh, Newtownkelly, Coalisland, Co. Tyrone: **Valuable Collection—*My* Stamps—Sixty-five Today!**

£8 F. Oldroyd, 8 Regent Street, South Hiendley, Barnsley: **Too Much Coal—Making "Selling" *Nationalisation* Difficult?**

£7 Mrs. P. Lewis, 141 Graig Road, Godrer-Graig, Swansea: **The Communist Serpent—Won't Swallow *"Live"* Democracy!**

£6 F. J. Stanton, 6 Lessar Court, London, S.W.4: **The Communist Serpent—Tangled With Electricians' Cables!**

£5 A. Helsby 32 Cavendish Street, Leigh, Lancs: **In Life's Tournament—Your "Shield," Your "Standards."**

£5 F. R. Wigglesworth, 22 Commonside, Ansdell, Lytham St. Annes: **Kind Words—Sent—Meant? *Implement!***

£5 Mrs. E. Wratten, 22 Birkbeck Road, Hutton, Brentwood: **On The 1959 Menu—Same Railway "Sardines"—*Dearer!***

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin*. 80 prizes of £1 and 1,500 other Awards have also been posted.

(Tournament winner will be announced in earliest possible JOHN BULL.)

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EX .....

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2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated February 28), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 14, for early news of No. 2,177 result.)

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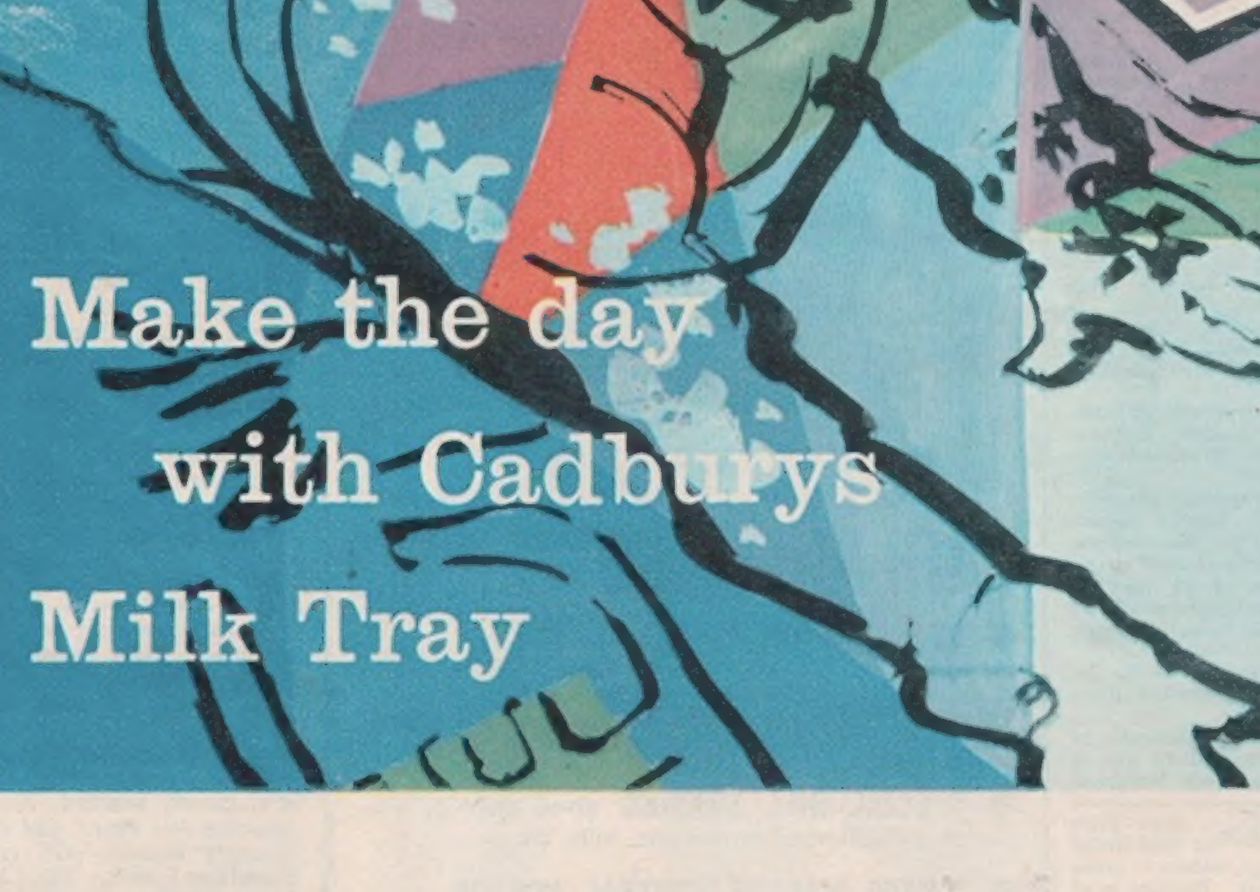

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